

THE GRAPMIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

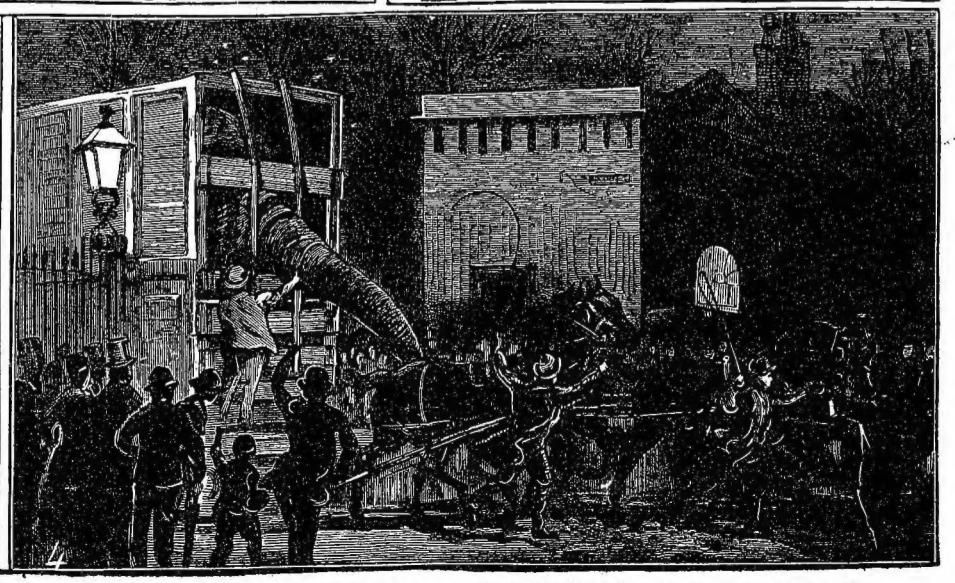
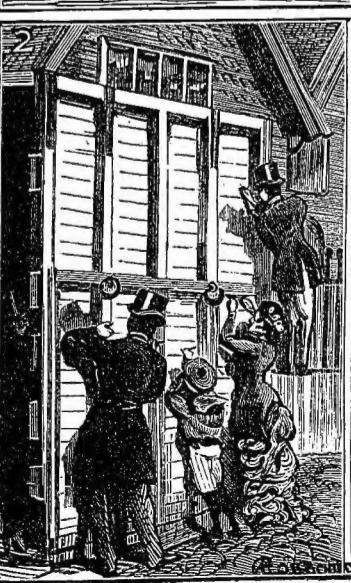
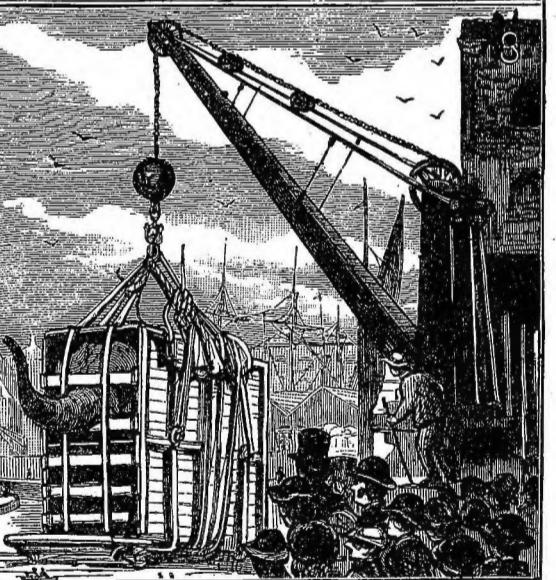
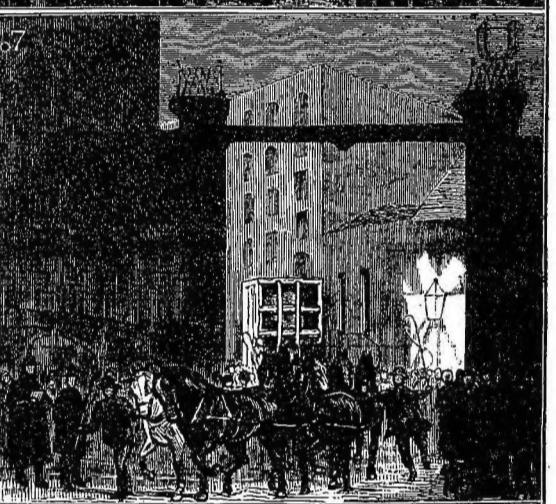
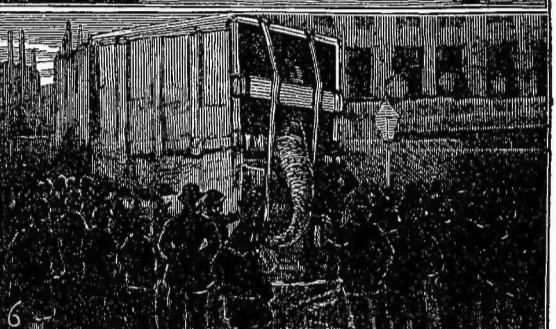
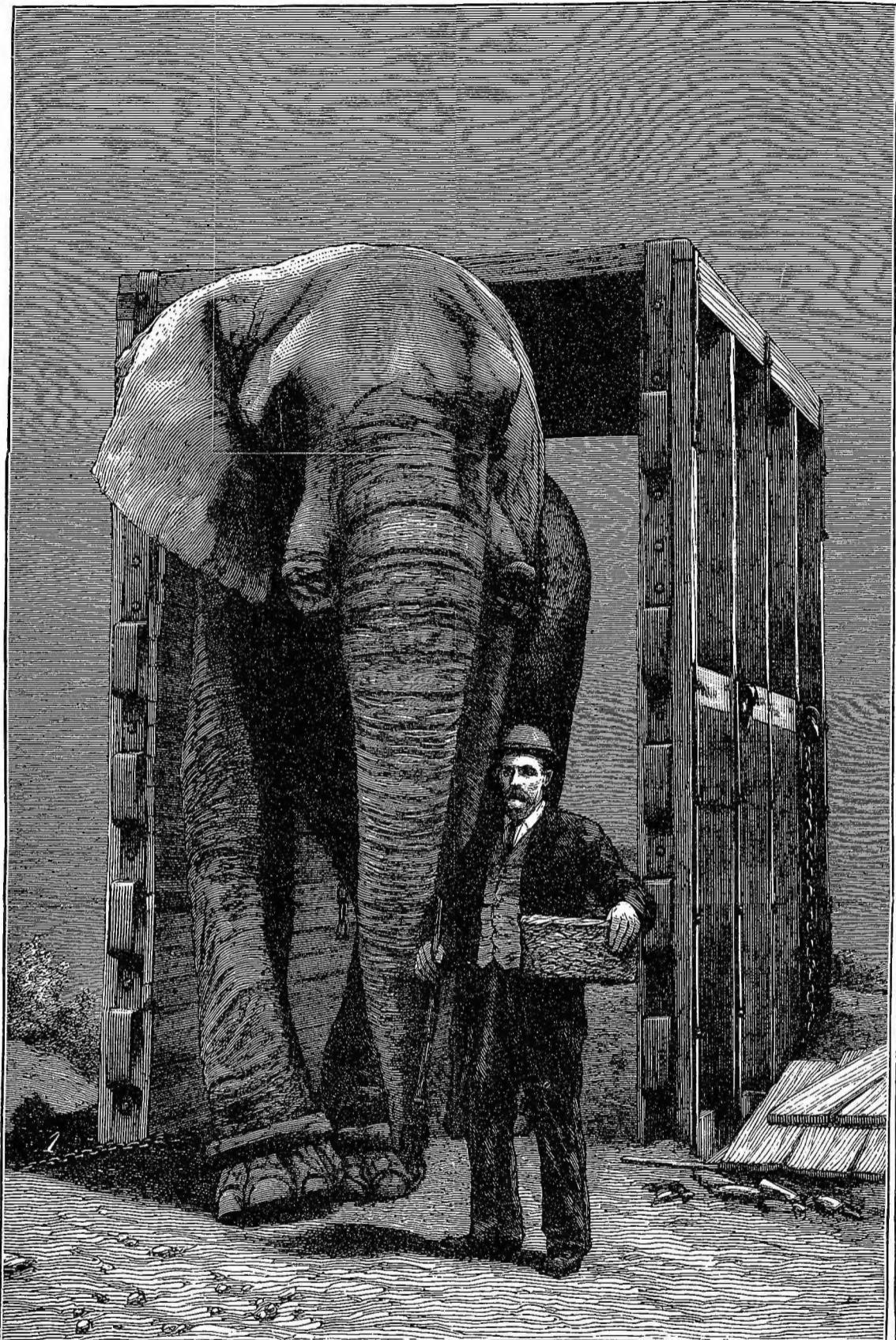
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SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. Through his Box at Last.—2. Visitors Inscribing Names on the Box as Having Called.—3. Jumbo Objects to the Irons.—4. At the Park Gates: Jumbo Drives Himself.—5. Albany Street: "Guard Turn Out"—6. En Route; "Jumbo's Old Lady."—7. Entering St. Katherine's Dock.—8. In Mid-Air: Being Lowered into the Barge.

THE REMOVAL OF JUMBO, I.—ON THE WAY TO THE DOCKS



THE CLÔTURE. — In his reply on Tuesday to Mr. Sexton's demand that the three imprisoned Irish members should be allowed to come to London in order to record their votes, Mr. Gladstone said : "The First Resolution is not to be a conclusive vote, but after the vote has been taken other amendments may be made." Comparing this with the somewhat dictatorial announcement of Lord Hartington, on which we commented last week, the *Daily Telegraph* has asserted that this statement by Mr. Gladstone indicates a change of front on the part of the Government. This construction is, however, strenuously denied by the Ministerial prints, which affirm that the First Resolution simply asserts the principle of the *clôture*, and that on this Resolution the Government have elected to stand or fall. Mr. Gladstone is, as we all know, a master of phrases which may be interpreted in several ways, and it is by no means improbable that the words quoted above indicate a more pliable attitude on the part of Her Majesty's advisers than was observable a week ago. If the Ministerial front has been changed, the fact would be by no means singular. The uncompromising attitude of the Irish ultras and the mutinous tendencies of many staunch Liberals must necessarily have caused some qualms to the introducers of the new rules of procedure. A very narrow majority might be almost as damaging as a defeat. Meanwhile the issue is watched with great interest out of doors—not so much on account of the *clôture* itself, concerning the advisability of which the public feel that the House of Commons must be the best judge, but because the decision of the question may involve a General Election and a possible change of Ministry. Sober-minded people will regard both of these as untoward contingencies. The most ardent of Conservatives can scarcely desire the responsibility of governing Ireland at the present time. And, in the event of a General Election, whether Mr. Gladstone won or lost in Great Britain, it is almost a certainty that the Moderate Irish Liberals would be replaced by Home Rulers, so that, as the respective parties in this island would in all probability be very evenly balanced, the Parnellites would hold in their hands the scales of victory. This would be a heavy price to pay for the *clôture*, however admirable a reform it may be.

LONGFELLOW. — Intelligence of Longfellow's death was received with as sincere regret in this country as in the United States. No other American author is so widely and intimately known in England, and most critics are agreed that the popularity of his writings is well deserved. As a poet he had not the energy and passion of Edgar Allan Poe, and his attempts at romance in prose are far inferior both in depth and subtlety to the powerful works of Hawthorne. Longfellow, however, had distinctive qualities which are certain to secure for him an honourable and enduring place in American literature. The sentiments he expresses are pure and gentle, and the forms in which he embodies them are almost always marked by delicacy and refinement. Perhaps his best work is "The Song of Hiawatha," in which he derives his inspiration from the circumstances and traditions of the New World. This is the poem which is most generally appreciated on the Continent, and especially in Germany, where it is known chiefly through the brilliant translation by Freiligrath. His other writings seldom remind us of the fact that the poet was an American; but, when we remember how many influences cultivated Americans and Europeans have in common, it is unreasonable to expect any wide difference either in their themes or in their mode of handling them. In one respect—his appreciation of the poetic aspects of the Middle Ages—Longfellow was more European than the Europeans; at least he was more European than Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans of the present generation. The same tendency is manifested by many Americans who are perfectly loyal to their own institutions, but Longfellow's mediævalism was deeper than that of any other Transatlantic writer. The reason may have been that in youth he was an ardent student of the German romantic school, to which he was in spirit more closely akin than to the English poets with whom he is usually compared.

MOONLIGHTERS. — Ireland has been for centuries a country of secret societies and midnight assassinations, and the outrages which are now especially rife, the brutal raids on rent-paying tenants, the murder of rent-seeking landlords, and the shooting of persons suspected of treason to some Fenian organisation, all belong to ancient and familiar types. But the faint excuse which formerly existed for these foul and abominable crimes can no longer be urged, inasmuch as the disabilities under which the Irish peasant laboured have long since been removed; and, for all lawful purposes, he is just as free as the inhabitant of this island. There is, however, much innate cruelty in human nature, and in the human nature of the more ignorant classes in Ireland there is an especially savage intolerance of the opinions of others when they happen to differ from their own. Added to this, there is a flavour of adventure and sham-heroism about "moonlighting" which is exceedingly fascinating to the peasant-mind, and till the other day it was decidedly a safer

sport than poaching is in England, for the raiders were rarely caught, and if caught were never, or hardly ever, convicted. However, at last a "moonlighter" has had the mischance to be shot, and perhaps this may cool the courage of its votaries. We observe that Mr. Forster talks despondently of the state of Ireland, and hints that stronger measures even yet may have to be taken. He and his colleagues have brought this state of affairs about by their disgraceful (because intentional) apathy during the earlier part of their reign. The vigour which now produces so little effect would then have tranquillised the country.

SIR CHARLES DILKE. — Mr. MacIver humorously proposed the other day that Sir Charles Dilke should be deprived of his salary because of the inadequacy of his answers to the questions addressed to him in the House of Commons. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs had no reason to regret this suggestion, the only effect of which was to call attention to the really admirable way in which he satisfies the curiosity of honourable members. The art of answering questions seems to be an exceedingly difficult one, if we may judge from the character of the replies reported daily in the newspapers. While some Ministers are too curt, others are too diffuse; and at least one Minister seems to be of opinion that the final cause of every question addressed to him is to provide him with an opportunity of displaying his own cleverness. Sir Charles Dilke skilfully avoids all these errors. Almost invariably his answers are clear, frank, and "to the point;" and if he sometimes tells less than is expected, reasonable men feel confident that he could justify his reticence. This may seem a small matter, but it is useful as one of many indications that Sir Charles Dilke possesses admirable business qualities. Few Liberal statesmen of the younger generation have risen so steadily in the esteem both of the House of Commons and of the country. In home politics he probably does not differ essentially from Mr. Chamberlain, but he is able to state his opinions without exciting violent antagonism; and in matters of foreign policy he seems to have much more sympathy with traditional methods than his Birmingham rival. By and by, when the country is deprived of the services of Mr. Gladstone, and when Lord Hartington has gone to the House of Lords, the Liberal party in the Commons will have to choose a new leader; and it appears not improbable that Sir Charles Dilke will have the best chance of being appointed to the vacant office.

A PARCELS' POST. — Forty years ago Rowland Hill recommended that the Post Office should carry parcels, and the plan has been already adopted in several foreign countries. It is only, however, this week that Mr. Fawcett was able to announce that the Government proposed to adopt the arrangement here. The reason for this delay in providing the public with what will no doubt prove to be a great convenience is of course the disinclination on the part of our Governments to interfere with private enterprise. This disinclination is by no means to be blamed, especially at the present time, when there is an increasing tendency to lay all sorts of burdens, whereof our ancestors never dreamed, on the broad back of the State. The Government has for long carried our letters and telegrams for us; they are about to carry our parcels; and before many years, perhaps, as some people advise, they will buy up the railways and carry ourselves. Why should they not go on, then, and supply us with butcher's meat, groceries, everything? The stores are setting forth the advantages of the power of buying on a large scale. The time may come when there will be only one shop in the United Kingdom, and all of us *employés* in it and customers of it. But these are dreams of the future. Let us return to parcels. A uniform rate of a shilling for a parcel not exceeding seven pounds, and transmissible to France for an additional ninepence, seems very moderate, especially as lesser weights will be cheaper still. But we hope Mr. Fawcett will think of the postmen, a hardly-used and ill-paid class. At present the book-post inflicts heavy burdens, especially on rural and suburban postmen, who often have to go long distances off the road to reach a house, the discomfort of their well-stuffed wallets being often aggravated by the snapping and snarling of churlish dogs. The parcel-post will be worse than the book-post for the carriers unless it becomes so popular as to involve the use of a vehicle, horse, donkey, tricycle, or some other non-pedestrian contrivance. And if a vehicle becomes indispensable, the Post Office may as well abandon the seven-pound limit and carry packages up to any weight.

DOCTORS AND VIVISECTION. — Many leading representatives of the medical profession met the other evening at the Royal College of Physicians for the purpose of founding an association for "the advancement of medicine by research." The objects of the proposed association were very inadequately explained in the published reports of the proceedings; but one of its principal immediate aims is apparently to counteract the influence of the anti-vivisectionists. It is not surprising that scientific men engaged in physiological inquiries are considerably irritated by these enthusiasts. The practice of vivisection is now surrounded by far more difficulties in England than in any other country in the world; and it is well known that a distinguished medical man, whose discoveries have done much for the relief of human suffering, has been obliged to make some of his most important recent experiments in Paris.

There can be little doubt that the progress of research in physiology, pathology, and therapeutics will be seriously retarded by the operation of the Anti-Vivisection Act; and Sir William Jenner reminded the meeting, by a reference to the trial of Dr. Lamson, that there are conceivable circumstances in which justice itself might be defeated by the same cause. It will be remembered that during the investigation of the charge against Dr. Lamson it was necessary to experiment on a mouse. So much delay was occasioned by application for leave to perform this experiment that there was some danger of the poison ceasing to be recognisable, as vegetable alkaloids cannot be detected if they remain long in decaying organic matter. All this ought, of course, to be pressed on public attention; but the doctors seem to us to err by pleading their cause with too much passion. After all, the old lax system was attended by real abuses; and by frankly recognising this fact, and stating precisely how far they think vivisection should be permitted, medical men would produce a far stronger effect on opinion than by vehement declamation against ultra-humanitarians.

A FLOATING COMMERCIAL EXHIBITION. — A proposal which was mooted last year seems likely to be practically carried out. International and other exhibitions are numerous enough, some people may say tediously numerous, but these shows have all been of a stationary character. Now we are going to have something peripatetic. The object of a manufacturer or shopkeeper in sending articles to an Exhibition is of course simply to increase his own business, and when he sends, say, to Philadelphia or Sydney, his "exhibit" influences only the American and the New South Wales markets respectively. But why should not the same lot of goods be displayed successively before the eyes of the whole civilised world? This is the idea of Messrs. Fry and Co., who have chartered a ship which is to sail in June, calling at all the leading ports of the world. The vessel will be specially fitted up for the display of samples, and these samples will be under the charge of an experienced army of "drummers," as the Americans irreverently call "commercials." If well managed the plan deserves to succeed, as, especially at the more out-of-the-way ports, the Exhibition will convey to visitors a far more comprehensive idea of our products than they can find in their native warehouses. But, in order to accomplish this, individual self-interest must be restrained in favour of the general advantage of the whole exhibiting fraternity.

NEW ITALY. — A very striking and important change seems to have passed lately over the spirit of the Italian people. A year or two ago the movements of Garibaldi were watched with some alarm by the upholders of the existing system. If he left his retirement for a week or two, it was feared that his appearance would be a pretext for Republican agitation; and it was known that Republican agitation would mean, among other things, a cry for war on behalf of "unredeemed Italy." Now these fears are no longer entertained. Garibaldi goes to Palermo, is honoured by a reception which might satisfy the most exacting of heroes, and nobody supposes that the demonstration has any dangerous political significance. In all parts of Italy the popular tone is calmer than it was, and even those who are still Republicans in theory appear to have decided that for the present they must not attempt to realise their ideals. This change is undoubtedly due in part to the recent foreign policy of France. The Italians have been so thoroughly alienated from their French neighbours by the attack on Tunis that, almost in spite of themselves, they have been obliged to make advances to Germany and Austria. An alliance with these Powers is of course incompatible with a movement for "Italia Irredenta," and so "Italia Irredenta" is left to look after itself. Europe has good reason to be gratified by this increasing moderation. For a time Italy threatened to be a source of constant disquietude, but now it may be hoped that she will permanently abandon impracticable schemes, and devote herself in earnest to the more useful task of internal reform.

In Memoriam

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

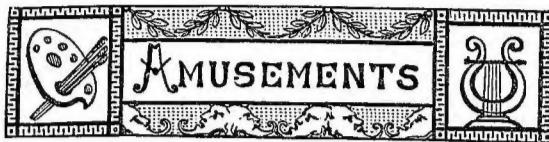
"THERE is no death," great Minstrel of the West!
As thou didst sing to many a stricken heart,
Full solace may this thought to all impart
Now through Death's portal that thou'ret called to rest
From Earth's sad suburb to Heaven's city blest.
Thy name is now a beacon which will dart
Its radiance o'er the world's rude jangling mart,
And kindle comfort in thy brother's breast.
Hushed is the organ whose strong sweet vibrations
Thrilled to the very core the hearer's soul
In simple harmony or deep pulsations,
Or like the nearing thunder's solemn roll.
"There is no Death," he sang to all the nations,
So may this truth Columbia's grief console.

HYDE PARKER

NOTICE.—With this Number is published an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "RETURNING HOME UNDER DIFFICULTIES"—A Sketch off Portland During Heavy Weather.—The Half Sheet and Supplement this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 320 and 329.

NOW OPEN.
THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
199, STRAND,

TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.
A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE
BY
THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (Limited).
The OPERA SEASON of 1882 will commence on Tuesday, April 18th. The following are the arrangements for the Season, and they will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mme. Adelina Patti.
Mme. Sembrich.
Mme. Fürsch-Madier.
Mdlle. Olga Berghi (her first appearance in England).
Mdlle. Alwina Valleria.
Mdlle. Velmi.
Mdlle. Guerrier.
Mme. Sonnino.
Mme. Corsi, and
Mme. Albani (Court Singer to H.M. the Emperor of Germany).

An engagement has been arranged with Mme. Pauline Lucca, who will appear, during the season, in several of the characters by which she gained her great reputation in England.

Mme. Trebelli.
Mdlle. Ghiozzi, and
Mdlle. Amelia Stahl (her first appearance in England).

Conductors, Composers, and Directors of the Music—Signor Bevignani and Monsieur Joseph Dupont.

Director of Private Concerts—Sir Julius Benedict (to whom all applications for artists should be addressed).

Principal Danseuses—Mdlle. Adelina Gedda (her first appearance in England), Mdlle. L. Reuters, Mdlle. E. Reuters, Mdlle. Reuters.

Maestro al Piano
Assistant Stage Manager
Principal Violin Solo
Leader of the Military Band
Leader of the Ballet
Organist
Maître de Ballet
Suggeritori
Répétiteur de Chœur
Decorateur
Machine

The personnel of the orchestra, as well as that of the chorus, will remain nearly the same as last season.

It is announced, with great regret, that, in consequence of failing health, Signor Tagliafico, who has been connected with the Royal Italian Opera as artiste, and latterly as Stage Manager, for over thirty years, is compelled to resign his position.

Stage Manager—Monsieur Lapissida (of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels).

Artistes Costumiers—Madame Durelle, Monsieur Freymann, &c.

Scenic Artists—Mr. Daves, Mr. Caney, and Assistants.

REPERTOIRE.

L'Africaine, Meyerbeer.
L'Etoile du Nord, Meyerbeer.
Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer.
Dinorah, Meyerbeer.
Roberto il Diavolo, Meyerbeer.
Le Prophète, Meyerbeer.
Don Giovanni, Mozart.
Le Nozze di Figaro, Mozart.
Il Flauto Magico, Mozart.
Il Serraglio, Mozart.
Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini.
Guglielmo Tell, Rossini.
Otello, Rossini.
La Gazza Ladra, Rossini.
Semiramide, Rossini.
Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti.
Don Pasquale, Donizetti.
La Favorita, Donizetti.
Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti.
La Figlia del Reggimento, Donizetti.
L'Elisir d'Amore, Donizetti.
Linda di Chamouni, Donizetti.
Norma, Bellini.
La Sonnambula, Bellini.
I Puritani, Bellini.
La Traviata, Verdi.
Il Trovatore, Verdi.
Rigoletto, Verdi.
Ballo in Maschera, Verdi.
Don Carlos, Verdi.
Ernani, Verdi.

During the season a selection will be made of those operas of the foregoing repertoire which have from time to time proved to be the most acceptable to the subscribers and the public; in addition to which will be produced:—

Lenepveu's Opera, "Velleda." Principal characters by Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Nicolini.

Boito's Opera, "Mefistofele." Principal characters by Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli; Monsieur Bouhy, Signor Masini.

Bizet's Opera, "Carmen."

And, if time should permit, towards the end of the season, Massenet's Opera, "Herodiade." Principal characters by Madame Albani, Mdlle. Stahl; Signor Mierwinsky.

An entirely new Italian version has been made of "Il Flauto Magico." Principal characters by Madame Sembrich, Madame Fürsch-Madier, Mdlle. Valleria; Signori Cogni, Vergnet, and Gresse.

Meyerbeer's Opera, "L'Africaine" will also be given, during the season, with the following powerful cast:—Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca; Inez, Madame Albani; Vasco di Gama, Signor Lestellier; Nelusco, Signor Pandolfini.

Floral Hall Concerts.—The Floral Hall Concerts will take place as in previous seasons.

The Subscription will consist of thirty-four nights, but as there will (after the first week) be regularly four opera nights in each week, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the season, have the choice of selecting either two (or more) of those four nights.

The attention of subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

Terms for Thirty-Four Nights

Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons) 70 guineas.
Boxes on the First Tier, at the side (for four persons) 100 guineas.
Boxes on the First Tier, Central (for four persons) 140 guineas.
Boxes on the Grand Tier (for four persons) 200 guineas.
Boxes on the Pit Tier (for four persons) 185 guineas.
Orchestra Stalls (each) 35 guineas.
Balcony Stalls (each) 21 guineas.
Amphitheatre Stalls, First and Second Rows (each) 16 guineas.

All subscriptions to be paid in advance.

N.B.—Shareholders to the amount of twenty-five shares and upwards will be entitled to a deduction of 20 per cent. on the above prices of subscription, and also to a deduction of 10 per cent. on all tickets for any single entertainment.

Subscribers of last season are respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same at once to Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-Office, under the portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Also of Mr. Mitchell, Messrs. Lacon and Olier, Mr. Bubb, Messrs. Chappell, and Mr. Olivieri, Bond Street; Messrs. Leader and Co., 62, Piccadilly; Mr. Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1882.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place, CLOSED, Will REOPEN on EASTER MONDAY at 3 and 8, with

"THE HEAD OF THE POLL," by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and

a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME."

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight, Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S NEW SPIRITUAL ILLUSORY SKETCH at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING, and

on Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons. See daily papers.

MR. IRVING is gratified to announce that the present demand for seats at the LYCEUM being without precedent during his management, to meet the wants of the public desirous of witnessing the performance of ROMEO and JULIET, seats can be booked for two months in advance. Romeo, Mr. IRVING, Juliet, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Mr. Terrell, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Howe. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open till 5.—LYCEUM.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.—AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS, 1882.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

The above Exhibition will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY, on MONDAY, 26th September. The dates for receiving pictures are from the 1st to the 12th of August, both inclusive.

Forms, cards of particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. Charles Dyall, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all works of art, intended for exhibition, should be addressed.

London Agent, Mr. James Bourne, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk.

Honorary Secretary.

A RTHUR TOOTH and SONS' SPRING EXHIBITION of English and Continental Pictures is NOW OPEN, including Bastien Lepage's New Picture, "Pas Méché," at 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery NOW OPEN from 10 to till 6, with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters. Admission One Shilling. Will CLOSE THURSDAY, April 6.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.45 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on April 6th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, AND ON GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria to 4.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY, to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—

* The Company's General West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus.

Caygill's Tourist Offices, 37, Strand (next Exeter Hall).

Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove.

Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.

Lets and Co., King William Street, City.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be suited to suit the convenience of passengers.

* These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 5th, 6th, and 8th.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager



THE REMOVAL OF JUMBO

JUMBO sailed for New York on Saturday. His journey from the Zoological Gardens to the Docks, though attended at first with considerable difficulty, was accomplished without any accident, and, on the whole, as successfully as those in charge of him could have wished. Having been well accustomed to the sight and feel of his huge cage on wheels, and taught to walk though it every time that he passed in or out of his house, Jumbo on the morning of Wednesday week was stopped in the centre of the cage, by a "Whoa" from his keeper, Scott, and the chains which had been fastened on his fore legs were made fast to the sides. The next task was to secure his hind legs with chains, a two hours' labour, as Jumbo objected very strenuously, and when at last this was accomplished he made violent efforts to free himself, and severely tried the strength of his prison walls for five minutes, after which he apparently acknowledged himself beaten, and put out his trunk to his keeper for the accustomed edible contributions. After the ends of the cage had been secured with bars, Jumbo having prevented the placing of a swing door by shattering it to pieces with his trunk, and having considerably delayed the operations of the workmen by pushing aside the bars and bracings, six powerful horses were attached to the travelling cage, and the first stage of the journey began. In three hours the car had been hauled about a hundred yards to the gate by which he was to leave the Gardens, the transit along the soft gravel having been exceedingly tedious, the wheels frequently sinking up to the axles, and the car having to be raised by jacks. There Jumbo was left for a couple of hours, and as Scott left him to go to his supper, the poor prisoner once more made violent efforts to free himself, cooling down, however, at once on Scott's return. Shortly after midnight the horses were once more put to, and at one o'clock on Thursday morning the start was fairly made. The route lay through Gloucester Gate, down Albany Street, the residents of which appeared at the windows to watch his progress, and the guard at the Barracks turned out in his honour, along Euston Road to King's Cross, by Clerkenwell Prison, through Myddelton Street, St. John's Street Road, Old Street, St. Luke's, Commercial Street, and Leman Street to Tower Hill. Frequent stoppages were made, sometimes to breathe the horses, and at others to cool the axles of the wheels, which during the latter part of the journey smoked considerably, and at the last seemed to be on the point of bursting into a flame. Jumbo bore the journey very well, trumpeting from time to time, but being generally quieted by a word from Scott or the American keeper Newman, who appears to be rapidly gaining authority over him. On the arrival at St. Katharine's Docks considerable trouble was experienced in passing through the entrance, and this effected, the car was drawn underneath a huge crane, swung into mid-air, and deposited on board a large barge, the Clarence, at ten minutes to seven on Thursday morning. At seven Jumbo breakfasted, and was treated to a gallon and a half of beer by a lady, and a draught of whisky by some more convivial admirer. Notwithstanding the trying circumstances of the previous day and night Jumbo appeared in an excellent temper, and though occasionally rocking the barge showed no signs whatever of ill-temper. When the tide rose the barge was taken in tow by a small tug, and conveyed to the Millwall Docks, amid the cheers of the assembled crowds who had gathered to see the last of their old friend. There she was moored immediately beneath the great shear legs, and the car, which weighs 6½ tons, and its occupant 6 tons, was once more lifted on to the quay. Here Jumbo spent the night, and at noon on Friday the Assyrian Monarch, the steamer on which Jumbo is making his passage to America, was warped round underneath the shears. The car then for the last time was raised into mid-air and dropped into the apartment which had been prepared for it, the embarkation being witnessed by a large and distinguished company who had been invited by the owners of the vessel. The cage is fixed in the forward part of the orlop or third deck, and is firmly wedged against the main deck, above which the summit rises, so that it cannot be moved without the whole framework of the vessel being disturbed. The apartment, also, is lined with lead to prevent the drainage into the cabins of any impurities.

The attention of subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

TERMS FOR THIRTY-FOUR NIGHTS

Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons) 70 guineas.

Boxes on the First Tier, at the side (for four persons) 100 guineas.

Boxes on the First Tier, Central (for four persons) 140 guineas.

Boxes on the Grand Tier (for four persons) 200 guineas.

Boxes on the Pit Tier (for four persons) 185 guineas.

Orchestra Stalls (each) 35 guineas.

Balcony Stalls (each) 21 guineas.

Amphitheatre Stalls, First and Second Rows (each) 16 guineas.

All subscriptions to be paid in advance.

N.B.—Shareholders to the amount of twenty-five shares and upwards will be entitled to a deduction of 20 per cent. on the above prices of subscription, and also to a deduction of 10 per cent. on all tickets for any single entertainment.

Subscribers of last season are respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same at once to Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-Office, under the portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Also of Mr. Mitchell, Messrs. Lacon and Olier, Mr. Bubb, Messrs. Chappell, and Mr. Olivieri, Bond Street; Messrs. Leader and Co., 62, Piccadilly; Mr. Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1882.

After the subsequent luncheon there was a good deal of speech-

making, and a gold medal was presented on the part of some

Fellows of the Zoological Society to Mr. Newman as an appreciatory mark of the coolness and skill which he had displayed in the

removal of Jumbo. Amongst the speeches was one from General

Merritt, the American Consul, who referred to the lack of a United

States Mercantile Marine, which compelled Jumbo to travel in a British

ship, and a few words from Mr. Bartlett, who gave a brief biography of

Jumbo, and described him as one of the best-tempered and docile

animals in the world, but at the same time liable to outbursts of

temper, which made him the most dangerous elephant he had ever

known. A farewell visit was then made to Jumbo in his cabin, after

which he was left in his quarters for the night. Next day the Assyrian

Monarch dropped down to Gravesend, where she was boarded by a

final detachment of visitors, including the Baroness Burdett Coutts,

from whom Jumbo received a liberal present of buns, and on the

vessel starting again a whole bottle of whisky was poured into his

trunk—a stirrup cup which Jumbo manifestly appreciated. Jumbo's

behaviour on board ship as yet has been unexceptionable, and on

getting out to sea the martingale and chains which confined his head

were loosed, and his trunk given full play. He thus is now enabled

to rest himself by winding his trunk round the bar above his head—

his customary mode of sleeping at the Gardens. Notwithstanding

the great storm of Saturday Jumbo seems to have suffered no incon-

venience, the Assyrian Monarch being an exceptionally steady vessel,

and the last news signalled from off the Lizard reports him "Quiet

without chains, but now and then trumpets as if in answer to the

loud roaring and whistling of the wind through the cordage." The

portrait of Jumbo in his box is from a photograph by the London

Stereoscopic Company, and our artist desires to thank for the

assistance rendered him Mr. Charles Whymper; Mr. Bartlett, and

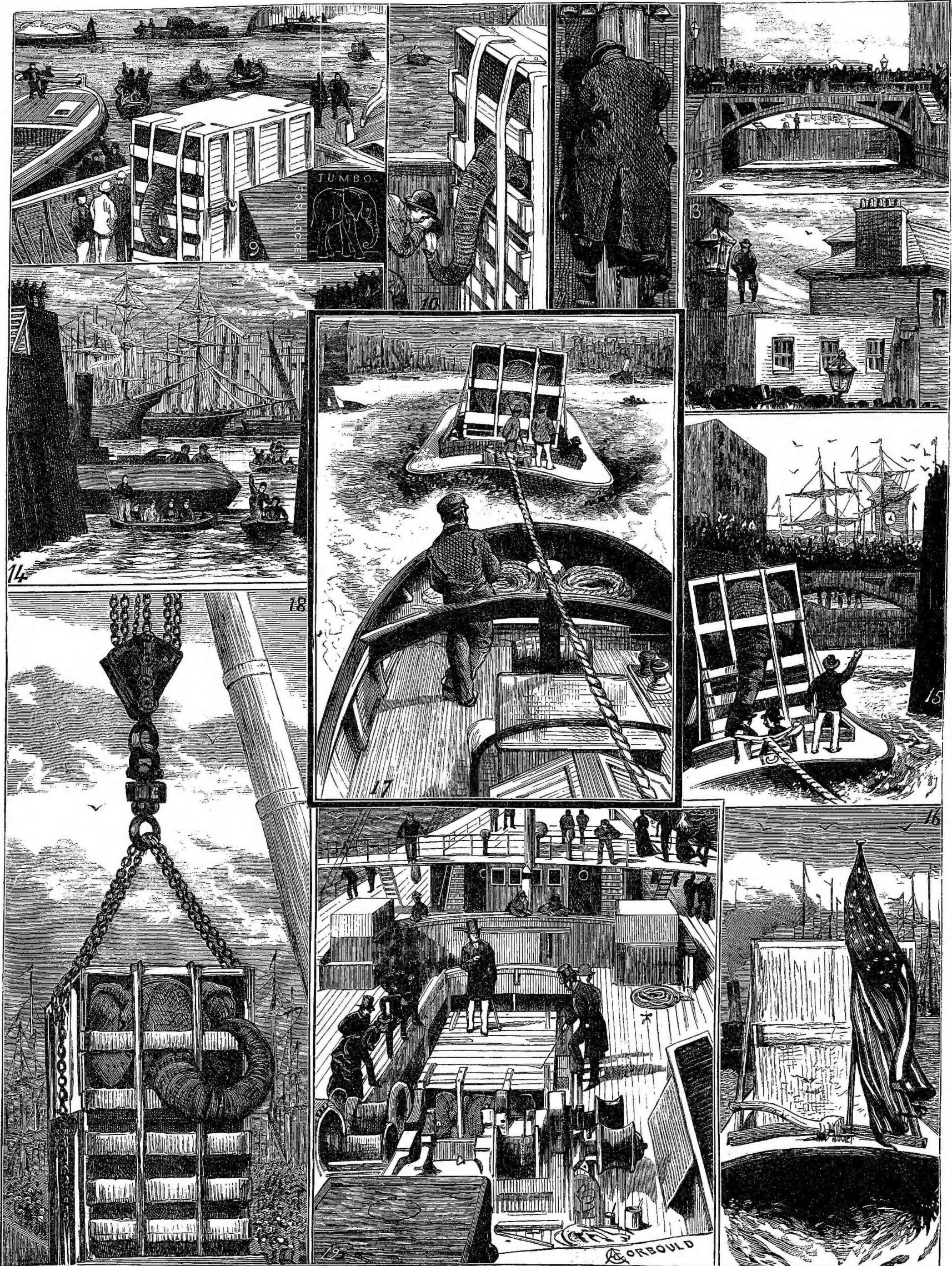
Mr. Trotman, of the Zoological Gardens; Mr. Charles Eley, Chair-

man of the Thames Steam Tug and Lighterage Company; Mr. Hoon,

of St. Katharine's Docks, and the captain and officers of the Assyrian

Monarch. He adds, "For the information of Jumbo's many

admirers who couldn't pay him a visit on board the Assyrian Mon



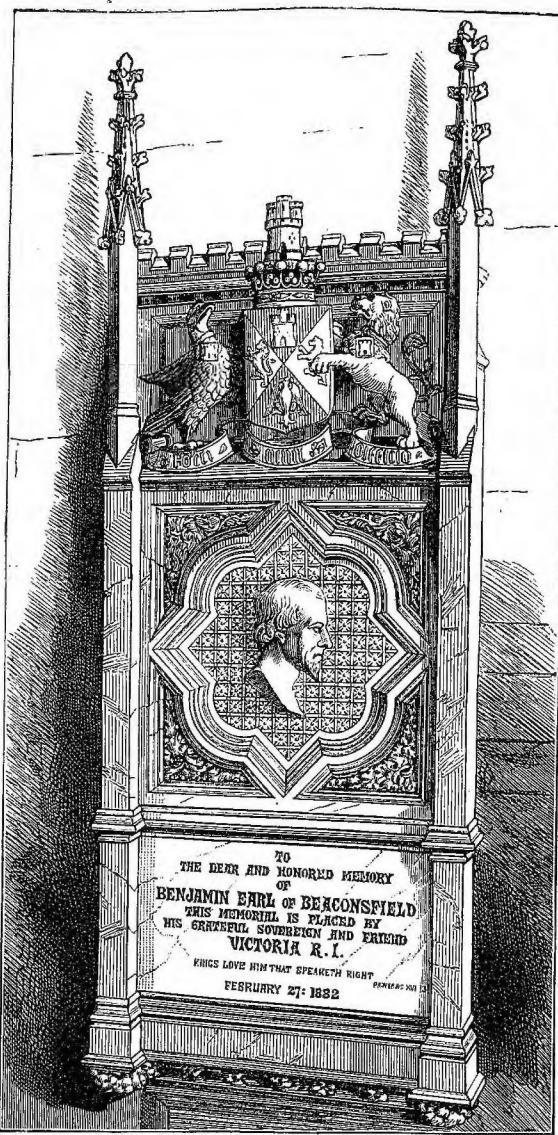
9. In the Barge : View off the Dock.—10. The Morning Tankard.—11. Just Before the Start to Pick Up Tug : Our Artist Getting on Board the Barge.—12. At the Dock Gates.—13. A Capital Place to See From.—14. The Tug.—15. Exit from St. Katherine's Dock.—16. The Last of Jumbo Seen from the Gate of St. Katherine's Dock.—17. "On the Water :" A Sketch from the Tug.—18. Under "The Shears :" Unshipping from the Barge at Millwall Dock.—19. Jumbo's Cabin : A Sketch from the For'ard Bridge of the *Assyrian Monarch*.



GENERAL GIACOMO MEDICI, ITALIAN PATRIOT
Died March 9, aged 65



MAJOR SENIOR, 34TH BENGAL INFANTRY
Awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for
Saving Six Coolies from Drowning



THE QUEEN'S MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EARL OF BEAUCONSFIELD
IN HUGHENDEN CHURCH



CHARILAOS TRIKOUPIΣ
The New Prime Minister of Greece



CAPTAIN HANS BUSK
Died March 11, aged 66



CONDITION OF THE SEA BEFORE APPLYING THE OIL



EFFECT OF THE OIL AFTER FORTY-FIVE MINUTES' PUMPING

POURING OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS AT PETERHEAD, MARCH 1, 1882

MAJOR SENIOR, 34TH BENGAL INFANTRY

THIS gallant officer has just been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for an act of bravery performed in February last year in Cachar, a province of Eastern Bengal. Major Senior was on his return from furlough, proceeding to rejoin his regiment, then posted at Silchar, and was voyaging down the River Barak, when, one evening at ten o'clock, his boat struck against a submerged rock. With great difficulty, by the aid of the kitchen boat, he succeeded in landing his property, and had only just done so when another boat, laden with coolies, struck against the same rock and was broken into pieces, its occupants being precipitated into the stream. Major Senior at once plunged into the river to rescue the poor helpless coolies, six of whom he brought ashore in succession, jumping in again and again at great risk to his own life owing to the cold and rapid under-currents. Of the remaining men some swam ashore, whilst others clung to the wrecked boat, from which they were ultimately taken off by the kitchen boat.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Villiers and Quick, of Bristol.

THE QUEEN'S MEMORIAL TO LORD BEACONSFIELD

THIS monument, which is the work of Mr. R. C. Belt, executed under an express commission from Her Majesty, was completed several weeks ago and placed in position in Hughenden Church, immediately above the seat habitually occupied by the late Earl, a spot personally selected by Her Majesty for its erection.

The centre of the memorial is occupied by a profile portrait carved in low relief in statuary marble, placed within a quatrefoil cartouch, which is flanked by buttresses and crowned by a carved and crested canopy in which figures an heraldic hatchment of the late Earl's arms and supporters. Beneath this is a tablet bearing the following dedication penned by the Queen herself:—"To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend, Victoria R.I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right,' Proverbs xvi. 13. February 27, 1882." The whole of the architectural surroundings are in strict accord with the architecture of the church itself, and are wrought in Sicilian marble.—Our engraving is from a photograph by T. P. Starling, Frogmore Studio, High Wycombe.

POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS

UNTIL lately this expression has generally been understood in a metaphorical sense only; but it is now a well ascertained scientific fact that the process has the effect of calming the waves, and disarming the raging ocean of half its terrors. Numerous successful experiments have been made by ships' captains and others, and in several instances vessels, which must otherwise have been abandoned, have been saved, and the lives of their crew preserved, by the simple expedient of casting overboard a quantity of oil, and thus reducing the waves to comparative quietude. It is, however, to Mr. John Shields, of Perth, that we are indebted for the application of the principle on a large scale. For two years he has been experimenting on the violent seas which, in rough weather, rage furiously outside the harbour of Peterhead; and, after much patient observation, has succeeded in bringing his apparatus to a degree of perfection and efficiency which is highly satisfactory. The oil is conveyed, by means of a force-pump from a cistern on shore, through a heavy lead pipe, an inch in diameter, to a point in deep water some 200 yards outside the Bar; and, on being forced through the terminal valves, it naturally rises and spreads itself out thinly upon the surface, the effect being to change the heavy breaking action of the sea into a comparatively gentle undulatory motion. The last trial, on March 1, was made during a heavy gale from the east-north-east, which would have prevented any ship from entering the harbour; but, after an hour's pumping, any fishing-boat could have done so with perfect safety. The difference in the condition of the water before and after the application of the oil is well shown in our engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. Henry Shields, of Balhousie Castle, Perth. The inventor hopes to be able to still further improve his apparatus so as to obtain increased efficiency at a diminished expenditure of oil; and now, that the principle has been well established, we shall doubtless soon hear of its adoption at other ports both at home and abroad.

ARRIVAL OF THE HUNTING TRAIN

THIS is an institution which would astonish a sportsman of the olden days. When you are in the country, he would say, of course at the proper season of the year, hunting is the proper thing, but when you are in London you entertain yourself with the amusements which the town affords. What would he have thought of his degenerate descendant flying along, horses and all, at the tail of a gigantic tea-kettle, fifty or a hundred miles into the country, alighting and calmly riding to covert, and then, after an exciting run perhaps, returning to London again, *via* the tea-kettle, and in comparatively a few minutes exchanging the fresh exhilarating air of the fields and woods for the yellow fog, through which the electric lamps sparkle bluely, of Paddington Station. Respected ancestor would, perhaps, be still more astonished to see the said descendant somewhat later in the evening, his scarlet coat and tops long since discarded, sitting in the stalls of some temple of Thespis attired in irreproachable black, and listening to "The Squire" or "Romeo and Juliet." The fact is, respected ancestor, that in this rapid era one man contrives to play many parts within the space of four-and-twenty hours.

Of course, in the case of Her Majesty's Staghounds, the distance travelled from the metropolis is not so great as when the pigskin enthusiast who lives within the boom of Big Ben betakes himself to "the shires." The hunting party in our picture have probably been by rail only as far as Slough, whence they have ridden some eight miles or so to the "fixture."

In our engraving the horses are being taken from the train, and the lady and gentleman in the foreground are giving directions to their groom.

RETURNING FROM LEAVE—THE JACOB'S LADDER

A JACOB's ladder is a rope-ladder with wooden rungs. The nimble crews of gigs and galleys constantly swarm up and down this contrivance. To the uninitiated it is not such an easy mode of access as may appear. Try it, and even in fine weather it will be a new sensation; you will discover your capacity for twisting and doubling up. Try it in bad weather, and you will need a good stock of nerve and presence of mind. Underneath there is a boat dodging about, everywhere but where it was a second before; then, as you swing about, you are fished at occasionally by a boat hook, and are enabled (when bumping) to test the hardness of the ship's outer casing. Your miseries are increased when there are several men all anxious to get up or down, as the case may be, hats are kicked off, hands trodden on by nailed boots, &c. The persons represented in our sketch (taken during rough weather by Paymaster C. W. Cole, H.M.S. *Boscawen*, Portland) are Instructors and Schoolmasters, who, after their day's work, have been ashore to visit their sweethearts and wives, and are now returning to the ship. "Confound you, look alive!" roars the officer in charge; but his words are only partially heard owing to the fury of the gale.

THE GRAPHIC

OXFORD UNIVERSITY LIFE—"THE SCHOOLS"

ALL the varying elements of Oxford life, the rich, the poor, the athletic, the æsthetic, the hard reader, and the idler, are bound together by a common destiny—"The Schools": here are men out of the East, Persians and Punjaubees, negroes, Japanese, who scandalise their washerwomen by sending to the wash articles of female attire, sitting side by side with the "played-out Caucasian." They scorn the precarious aid to which Passmen turn in desperation, whose pockets are filled with minutely-written documents, which are conveyed with great risk and anxiety to the convenient shelter of the blotting-paper: and whose shirt-cuffs are decorated with brief comments on the authors in whose works they are examined. Others whose honesty or want of enterprise prevents their cribbing, either sit and stare at the ceiling, with a virgin page still before them, or write reams of answers, which are utterly wrong; some few grow grey in the schools, and rear large families in Beaumont Street, who soon learn to take an interest in "Pa's" half-yearly struggle with the examiners. The Honour Schools, which are competitive, are conducted honestly. The papers are followed in due time by "Vivâ Voce," where the victim is exposed to a brief personal interview with the Examiners, who unfortunately do not value originality as they should: this quality is always largely displayed in the Examination in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion, and lends that Examination an unusual interest to the onlookers, who strain their ears to catch the muttered suggestions of the victim, and giggle at his discomfiture. The various expedients resorted to by undergraduates to protect themselves from the cold of the Schools in winter will it is hoped be unnecessary when the New Schools are opened.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 321.

PAST AND PRESENT

See page 326.

THE LATE H. W. LONGFELLOW

See page 329.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE

The Craigie House, where Mr. Longfellow died, after a residence of forty years, and where he composed his most famous works, is situated about half a mile west of the College buildings of Harvard University, in Brattle Street, Cambridge, and is surrounded by eight or ten acres of lawn and garden. The house faces south, and overlooks Charles River, flowing into Massachusetts Bay. It is a wooden

"VICTORY": A SKETCH AT A BOAT RACE

VERY soon after these lines are in the hands of our readers the great annual rowing contest between the representative crews of the two Universities will have been decided. The doings of the competitors in the way of training and practice up to the time of going to press, with some remarks upon their respective merits as to weight, style, and power, will be found duly set forth under the head of "Pastimes," and, therefore, we need here only deal with the subject of our engraving: the moment of "Victory." For the last few years, we believe, it has been the custom of the winning crew to go on board one of the steamers and return down the river to Putney, but, formerly, they used to land at Mortlake immediately after reaching the goal, and it is this incident which our artist has depicted. The race has been well contested from start to finish, and the foremost crew, flushed with success, land amid the enthusiastic plaudits of their admirers afloat and on shore, whilst the winning colour is run up the flag-staff to announce the result, and that of the vanquished crew lies prone in the dust. Cheers, handshakings, and congratulations greet the victors as they one by one step ashore, and it is as much as the attendant policemen can do to restrain excited spectators from crowding over the barriers to get a nearer view of the heroes of the hour; whilst even the dog seems conscious of being adorned with the right shade of blue as he struts proudly forward in advance of his victorious master. Presently, it will be the turn of the defeated crew, now resting gloomily upon their oars, to come ashore, and we may be sure that quite as hearty a cheer will greet them, for though beaten, they have done their best, and the best can do no more.



THE GOVERNMENT AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—Replying last week to a deputation from Dundee, Mr. Chamberlain said that Government would soon introduce a general measure enabling corporations either to supply the electric light themselves or to sanction its supply by private companies previously licensed by the Board of Trade. In cases where the municipal body should refuse to take either course, private companies might independently apply to the Board of Trade for a provisional order, which if passed would go before a Select Committee as private bills now do. These provisional orders would, however, only have a duration of seven years, after which the corporation could take over the undertaking at the



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A., RESIDENCE OF THE LATE H. W. LONGFELLOW.

building, of some 50ft. frontage, two storeys high, with broad verandahs on each side. It was built early in the last century by Colonel John Vassal. His son, being a Royalist, left after the Revolutionary War began, consequently his property was confiscated, and was assigned to General Washington as his head-quarters after the battle of Bunker's Hill. The room used as a study by Mr. Longfellow was devoted to the same purpose by Washington. Another room, remarkable for its rich old carving, was Mrs. Washington's drawing-room. Washington's bed-chamber is adorned by gaily-painted Dutch tiles, and was the nursery of Mrs. Longfellow's children.

INVESTING THE SULTAN WITH THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE

The investiture of the Sultan with the German Order of the Black Eagle took place on February 18th. The ceremony was performed in the Reception Hall of the Yıldız Kiosk, the Sultan standing at one end on a dais. On one side of him were ranged the members of the German Embassy, and on the other various officials and dignitaries of the Porte. All being ready, Prince Radziwill, the Emperor of Germany's Special Envoy, entered with his Staff, and the Sultan, advancing to meet him, received two autograph letters written by the Emperor. In one the Emperor expressed his thanks for the decoration of the Nican-Imtiaz and the accompanying amicable messages, and in the second he reciprocated those sentiments of friendship, and asked the Sultan to place trust in the cordial assurances which Prince Radziwill had been instructed to convey. As the Order of the Black Eagle can be accorded only to those on whom the Red Eagle has been already conferred, Prince Radziwill presented the patents and insignia of both Orders. In doing so, the correspondent of *The Times* tells us, "he conveyed warm expressions of friendship from his august master. The Sultan replied that he highly appreciated the honorary distinction conferred on him; that he regarded it as a new proof of the good relations existing between the two countries; and that he hoped that those relations should be drawn closer in future." After the ceremony there was a less formal reception in another apartment, and there Prince Radziwill and his colleagues were entertained at dinner—the Sultan exchanging a few words with his guests, and bestowing decorations upon the members of the Special Mission.

actual value of the plant, irrespective of accrued value or trade profits.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—The scheme for removing the block at Hyde Park Corner includes the shifting eastward of the Duke of Wellington Statue and Arch, and the rounding off of the western end of the Green Park by a curved road from Hamilton Place to Holland Street, the triangular space thus detached from the park being laid out as gardens. The estimated cost is about 29,000/-

ELECTION NEWS.—At Carnarvon the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Bulkeley Hughes has been filled by the return of Mr. Jones Parry (L), who polled 2,037 votes against 596 recorded in favour of Mr. Sorton Parry, the Independent candidate. No Conservative candidate was put forward.—In East Cornwall, where the polling was to take place on Friday (yesterday), the candidates are Mr. John Tremayne (C) and Mr. C. T. Dyke Acland (L).

IRELAND continues to furnish a black list of crime and outrage which is both revolting and disheartening. Two attempts to inflict damage to property and, perhaps, to take life by the use of explosives, are reported; one at Letterkenny, Donegal county, where a bomb was thrown into a farm-house, and the other at Ahscragh, Galway county, where some dynamite was placed on a window-sill. Both houses were partially destroyed, but happily no one was hurt.—Other outrages of a horrible nature have been perpetrated in various places by gangs of Moonlighters, whilst at Drumbane in Tipperary there has been a smart skirmish between some thirty of these moonlight marauders and three plucky policemen, who not only drove them off after exchanging several volleys of shots, but succeeded in capturing one of the number, who, being severely wounded, was abandoned by his cowardly associates.—At Innishannon, near Bandon, a farmer's wife has been found murdered in a ditch; whilst at Dublin a man named M'Mahon has been shot in a public-house, whether by accident or design remains to be shown. Five men, two of whom were in his company, have been arrested, and in their possession and at their lodgings the police have found arms, ammunition, and papers which tend to connect them with Fenianism.—Mathew Kinsella, who is suspected of having committed the murder in Tigh Street, has been committed for trial.

ALLEGED FENIANISM IN LONDON.—Since the supposed incendiary which we referred to last week, the docks have been

guarded night and day by a large extra force of police, both on land and on the river. It is stated that the intention of the conspirators was to blow up with dynamite the railway tunnel which runs under the docks—a diabolical scheme which, if successful, would have flooded the neighbourhood, and cost some hundreds of lives.

THE USE OF MORPHIA as a subcutaneous injection for the purpose of allaying pain is said to have been the cause of a number of recent deaths. The latest victim is Captain Gilby Hamley, son of General Hamley, whose death the coroner's jury have attributed to "misadventure."

MEDICAL RESEARCH.—At a meeting of representative medical men, held on Tuesday at the College of Physicians, under the presidency of Sir W. Jenner, who was supported by Sir W. Gull, Sir J. Paget, Professor Tyndall, Sir G. Jessell (the Master of the Rolls), and many other well-known men of science, it was resolved to establish an "Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research," the object being to bring the legitimate influence of the medical profession more effectively to bear on the promotion of those exact researches in physiology, pathology, and therapeutics which are essential to sound progress in the healing art, and to enlighten the public as to the necessity of experiments on living animals, and the advantages to be gained thereby. Sir W. Jenner stated that there was no desire to evade, repeal, or even modify the law.

THE PARCELS POST has now received the assent of the Treasury, and will come into force as soon as Mr. Fawcett can complete his negotiations with the railway companies. The weight-limit is to be seven pounds, for which one shilling will be charged, proportionately smaller sums being charged for lighter packets. This will frank the packets from any part of the United Kingdom to any other part where letters are now received and delivered; and this inland system will be united with the International Parcels Post already in operation, so that parcels may be sent to any European country except Russia, and to Egypt and Asiatic Turkey.

THE BARMAIDS OF LONDON have banded themselves together, and are holding meetings with the view of obtaining a reduction in their hours of labour. They are not in favour of early-closing; but they think that the publicans ought to employ double the number of assistants without reducing their salaries.

THE "DOTEREL" EXPLOSION.—The report of the Xerotine Siccative Committee, which was unable to come to any conclusion respecting this explosive, has been referred to Admiral Luard's Committee on Gas Explosives, with directions to experiment and report whether the gas evolved would, if brought into contact with a light, have had sufficient force to ignite the powder in the magazine, and thus cause the explosion by which the ship was lost.

CHANNEL BALLOONING.—Colonel Burnaby, more fortunate than Colonel Brine and Mr. Simmons, has succeeded in reaching France through the air. He travelled alone, and being anxious to have all the rising power possible, took nothing but ballast and a few scientific instruments. The voyage from Dover to Montigny, in Normandy, occupied nearly eight hours, during one of which he was becalmed in mid-air over the sea, but he chanced to find a favourable current at the higher level to which he rose after throwing out all his ballast. But for this happy accident he would probably have been lost like poor Mr. Powell. The success of the hazardous experiment will probably lead to other attempts being made; indeed, two are already announced—one by Mr. Wright, from Westward Ho, on the 12th inst.; and another by Mr. Coxwell, from Lewes, some time next month.

"HANDS ALL ROUND."—The Good Templars' protest against the Poet Laureate's patriotic song has elicited a reply from Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who, in a letter to Mr. Malins, the Chief Templar, says that no one honours their good work more than his father; and explains that in the poem the word "drink" is only used in reference to the "common cup, which in all ages has been regarded as a sacred symbol of unity."

A VIOLENT GALE was experienced over the central, southern, and western districts of England, as well as in the Channel, on Sunday, and much damage was done to property in various places. At Brighton an old lady was killed by the crushing in of the roof of her house, the *dbris* falling on her as she lay in bed; and off Ilfracombe a schooner foundered, the whole of the crew being lost. In London many houses were partially unroofed and the windows broken.

THE NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION held its annual meeting last week. The report showed that the services of the Institution had been greater during the past year than in any previous one. Eleven new boats had been added to the fleet. The number of lives saved was 966, and the life-boats helped to rescue 33 vessels. The expenditure had slightly exceeded the income, and an appeal was made for further subscriptions.

DOVER PIER, the parapet of which was partially swept away by a hurricane in 1877, has now been completely repaired, and the entire length of the promenade is again open to the public.

A FATAL FIRE took place in Little George Street, Hampstead Road, on Wednesday, two children being burnt to death and their mother seriously injured.



ON Thursday night, or rather at an early hour yesterday (Friday) morning, the great pitched battle between Ministers and the curiously composite Opposition was brought to a head. It has taken a long time to reach this stage, but, according to olden Parliamentary manner, this division once taken a long stride towards completion of the work might be regarded as accomplished. The division on Mr. Marriott's amendment is an exact parallel to the second reading of an important Bill. The victory achieved by the Government, albeit by a critically small majority, affirms the principle of the *closure*. But a great deal remains to be done. There are a dozen pages of amendments, a fair allowance for a Bill in Committee. It is, happily, probable that all of these cannot be put and debated upon. But it is clear many nights will be occupied by the debate. As debates are now carried on in the House of Commons members may be safely counted upon to go back to the question of principle, and any one, if such there be, who has not found an opportunity of delivering his speech on Mr. Marriott's amendment, will not require any exceptional measure of skill to find an opening for it on some of the amendments that follow. Next week the House adjourns for the Easter Recess. If by the time of the Whitsun Recess it has passed the Rules of Procedure Ministers may be congratulated on their good fortune.

In the mean time the House advances by fits and starts, sitting far into the morning on one day and being counted out on the following night. The House of Lords, animated by the prevalent tendency towards revolutionary changes in procedure, have hit upon a notable scheme. Whilst the House of Commons meets for their evening sitting at a quarter-past four, the House of Lords have in leisurely fashion come down an hour later. Hitherto they have found ample time to accomplish work commenced at this hour, and when they undertook, as they have done, to meet an hour earlier, it is rather

because they have too little than too much to do. If anything like the rare luxury of a debate becomes possible to their Lordships they find that to commence at five o'clock endangers the dinner hour. In the House of Commons it is not often a matter of moment whether a debate shall be finished before the dinner hour or after. The first occurrence is so rare as scarcely to come into calculation, and, as the House is prepared to sit to any hour it does not greatly matter. But with the Lords it is another thing. Members of this august body are not accustomed to return to work after dinner. And often the course of a critical debate is determined rather by the exigency of the dinner hour than by any other consideration.

Meeting an hour earlier will in nine cases out of ten have the effect rather of shortening the sittings than of lengthening them. The young peers who have promoted and carried this change, to the despair of Lord Redesdale, fondly hope it will remove them from the influence of the *closure*, which from time immemorial has prevailed in the House of Lords to the injury of budding genius. It is more probable that the action of the noble Lords of the standing of those who now claim prescriptive right to take part in the debate will be extended. One or two others from the immediately outer circle will be brought within, and young peers like Lord Camperdown would still find themselves frowned upon and coldly stared at when they desire about dinner-time to offer a few remarks.

The resumed debate on the *closure* in the House of Commons on Monday night was a very dull affair. Neither Sir Hardinge Giffard, who reopened the discussion, nor Mr. Dodson, who from the Treasury Bench took up the thread of the discourse, is a speaker of extraordinary eloquence. Moreover the House had already had enough of the debate, and yearned for the division. Even a practised orator like Mr. Bright finds it difficult to say anything new on a question that has already not only been debated through several nights in the House of Commons but is discussed in daily conversation, and forms the theme of at least one article in each of the morning papers. Still, there are certain traditions to be observed, and when it is arranged that a division on a particular measure shall take place on a given day the interval must needs be filled up with talk. The most noticeable speech of the evening was one delivered by Mr. Anderson. The member for Glasgow is well known as a politician of strong Radical tendencies. He has a great gift of rubbing the Conservative Opposition the wrong way down. On ordinary occasions his interposition in debate is hailed from the Opposition side by groans of despair, of which Mr. Anderson is accustomed to take no notice, but to plod on the path of his speech. It was quite a remarkable phenomenon to find him cheered from the Conservative Benches, a circumstance which shows a remarkably forgiving spirit. But Mr. Anderson had condoned many offences by determining to oppose the *closure*. For the Opposition the oration was spoiled by the peroration, in which the hon. member, having shown that the *closure* was an undesirable thing from all points of view, announced his intention of not voting against it—a curious conclusion, which better than an armful of leading articles illustrates the strained political position.

Mr. Whitbread supported the *closure* in a speech that should do great service to the Government. Mr. Whitbread is a gentleman who occupies an almost unique position in the House as an authority on Parliamentary procedure. He rarely speaks except on constitutional crises, and his utterances are always looked for with anxiety and listened to with respect. It would be difficult for the untutored listener to understand the reason for this distinction. Mr. Whitbread is certainly not eloquent, nor are his views strictly original, but he has a calm, placid mind, long experience, and is the embodiment of simple common sense. The value of his adhesion to the Government scheme would be better estimated by contemplating what might have happened if he had opposed it.

Tuesday was an Irish day filched from private members. On Friday night, after a long course of speeches on the well-worn theme of Free Trade and Protection, the Irish members came to the front, and with well-assumed seriousness demanded that Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Kelly, and Mr. Dillon, imprisoned in Kilmainham, should be released with the avowed object of swelling by their votes the minority against the Government on the *closure* resolution. The happy thought of telegraphing to Mr. Parnell to ask him if he would come had been struck out at a meeting of the party during the day. Mr. Parnell, alive to the opportunity of a fresh row in the House, cheerfully assented, and Mr. Sexton, producing the telegram, wanted to know whether the Government would consent. Some hours the Land Leaguers wrangled round this point, stopping the course of Supply, and keeping everybody out of bed. Finally Lord Hartington had to consent to a morning sitting on Tuesday, the whole of which the Land Leaguers appropriated for purposes of personal abuse of Mr. Forster and the Premier, drawing from the former Minister a significant hint that there were possibilities of further and more real coercion. On Wednesday afternoon the Scotch members had an innings, and within the space of two hours had debated and read a second time a couple of Bills. An attempt to clip clergymen's fees in connection with burials was temporarily frustrated by talking out the Bill (introduced by Mr. Cheetham) by which it was proposed to carry out this object.

DOCTORS AS SANITARY DETECTIVES.—There seems to be a good deal to be said on both sides of the question respecting the proposal to make private medical practitioners "sanitary detectives and common informers," as Dr. Alfred Carpenter expresses it in his lengthy letter of protest published in *The Times* of Wednesday last. It is agreed on all hands that secrecy with regard to any case of infectious disease is inimical to the public safety, because in all such cases isolation is necessary to prevent the spread of the disease; and it is also clear that no local permissive legislation (which would make concealment penal on one side of a street, whilst it remained perfectly legal on the other) would be of any practical advantage. The subject is now being considered by a Parliamentary Committee, and Dr. Carpenter's fear is that a law will be passed making it compulsory upon medical men to report all cases of infectious diseases which come under their professional notice. This, he contends, would to a great extent destroy the confidence which now habitually exists between doctors and their patients, and would lead persons desirous of evading the law to abstain altogether from calling in professional aid, thus extending the disease in a very general and serious manner, and defeating the very object of the suggested enactment. He suggests as an alternative that the duty of making the disclosure shall be imposed upon the householder, it being left to the moral sense of the medical adviser to inform him of the nature of the disease, and to urge upon him the duty of preventing its spread amongst other people. The doctor would thus become the ally of the law, and in the event of a prosecution would appear as a witness against the defendant instead of his accomplice. In support of this view it may be pointed out that if the medical man were made a co-defendant he could not be called upon to incriminate himself, and the prosecution would in most cases fail for lack of evidence. We think, however, that the proper person to fix the responsibility upon would be the head of each family, for it must be admitted that in many cases a householder might be innocently ignorant of the outbreak of disease in his lodger's family. Whatever form of legislation may be adopted, it is to be feared that some unscrupulous persons, valuing their own personal convenience above the welfare of the community, would endeavour to evade the law, and the best way of reaching these seems to be to convince them that the neglect of necessary precautions is a source of danger to themselves as well as to the public at large.



A NEW NOVEL by the Queen of Roumania is shortly to be published,—"La Priere."

THE SEAL RING OF THE FIRST GERMAN EMPEROR is now in the possession of a Teutonic nobleman. It is a finely-cut scarabaeus, bearing the portrait of Otto I. of Wittelsbach.

THOSE SATIRICAL JOURNALISTS who have the misfortune not to admire Mr. Oscar Wilde and his school have been christened by the Apostle of Aestheticism "scribbling anonymuncles."

THE ONLY HALF-DOLLAR COIN OF THE LATE AMERICAN CONFEDERACY known to be in existence was recently sold in New York for 175*l*. Four of these coins were struck, but no one knows what became of the other three.

THE POPE'S GOLDEN ROSE—which since the year 1366 has been usually sent in Lent to one of the Catholic Princesses of Europe—is to be presented this year to the young Crown Princess of Austria, Princess Stéphanie. Last year it was given to the new Queen of Spain.

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES are to be held this year in different parts of South London, as the inhabitants have neither any public Art collection near them, nor time to look at pictures, except on Sundays and Saturday nights. The first of the series is now being held at the South London Free Library, Kennington Lane.

A MONSTER WATER-LILY, far exceeding in size the famous *Victoria Regia*, has been found in Lake Nuna, Peru, according to the New York *Critic*. The leaf had a circumference of nearly 25 feet, and weighed between 13*lb.* and 14*lb.*, while one of the flowers measured 4*ft.* 2*in.* in circumference, and weighed 3*1/2**lb.*, its outer petals being 9*in.* long.

THE RUSSIAN COURT is to be made more national, and freed from foreign influences, according to the *Novoe Vremya*. Thus the Czar desires that the ladies of the Court shall entirely discard European toilettes and wear purely Russian costumes; while the Palace officials, whose posts for the last two centuries have borne German names, will receive Russian titles.

A THIRTEEN CLUB has lately been formed in New York in order to combat the ancient superstition of "13" being an unlucky number. The club has 13 members, meets on the 13th of every month in room 13 of a certain hotel whose name contains 13 letters, and its banquet is lighted by 13 gas jets. At the last banquet the table was decked with salads arranged in the shape of coffins, and 13 tiny lobsters, and the meal began at 13 minutes past 8.

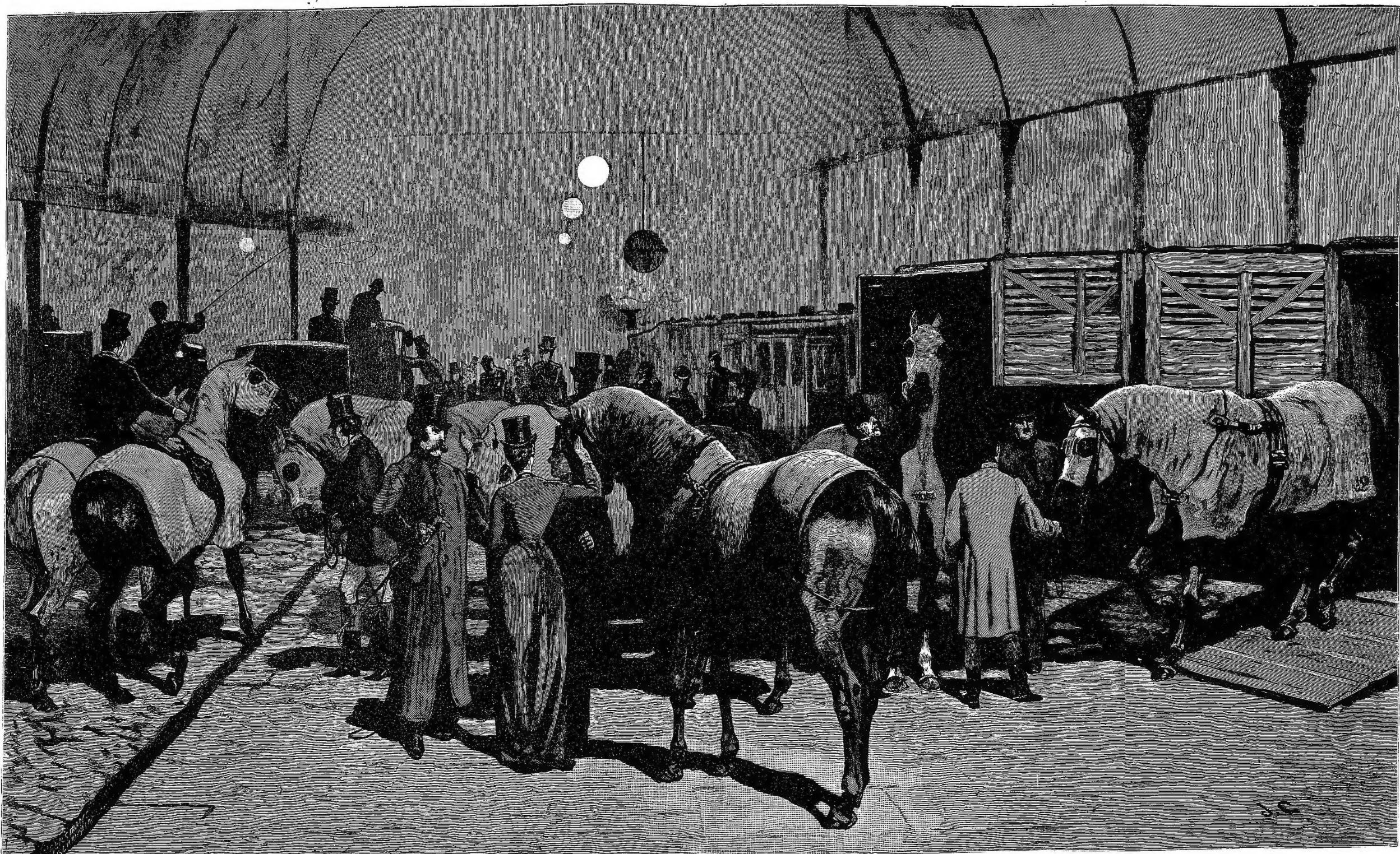
THE VIENNA INTERNATIONAL FINE ART EXHIBITION is being actively prepared, and the contributions from Switzerland and Denmark are already in place. France, Germany, and the Netherlands will be particularly well represented, but the jury are somewhat puzzled by the Italian exhibits, which are said to be of very inferior value. The entrance fee will be one shilling during the week and sixpence on Sundays. Talking of Continental art, a number of Carpeaux's works have been presented by his widow to the Valenciennes Museum.

THE LAST DAYS OF LENT are being rigidly observed by fair devotees in Paris just now. Even quiet friendly evenings and sacred concerts are not permitted, and it is considered good taste moreover to abstain from calls and drives in the Bois. Friends should only meet at church, so says the Paris *Figaro*, on their way to the confessional, and should merely recognise each other by a slight bow without entering into conversation. The vanity of the spirit is to be mortified by wearing the plainest costumes, generally black, while no superfluous luxuries should be allowed at meals, particularly all dessert, cakes, or sweetmeats.

THE PANAMA CANAL is really making some progress, according to an official report to the American Government, but the work is very slow, and the machinery is said to be decidedly antiquated. The entire line of the canal, however—fifty miles long—has been cleared of trees and underbrush for a considerable width, while stations and villages for the labourers are springing up along this line. The earth excavated will be used to fill up a large marsh near Buen Chica, and thus to form the foundations for a town. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* does not speak so favourably, but reports that the villages are filled with idlers who only work occasionally; while the only important sign of the much talked-of "excavations," at the time of his visit, was a trench about 500 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 6 or 8 feet deep, in which some eighteen negroes were working. Altogether he counted only 140 men at work, although the official report of the time-keeper registered 320 labourers in that particular part.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,827 deaths were registered, against 1,661 during the previous seven days, an increase of 136, being 37 above the average, and at the rate of 24·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 13 from small-pox (an increase of 5), 46 from measles (an increase of 10), 20 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 19 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 19c from whooping-cough (an increase of 33), 1 from typhus fever, 35 from enteric fever (an increase of 14), 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 427 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a rise of 30, but being 66 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 46 deaths; 39 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation, and 6 cases of suicide. There were 2,559 births registered, against 2,574 during the previous week, being 170 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 44·6 deg., and 2·8 deg. above the average.

THE RECENT TERRIBLE OVERFLOW OF THE MISSISSIPPI has caused the most intense distress, which is pathetically described by the American journals. All down the river in the inundated districts, sufferers are congregated on every available point of refuge, without shelter, food, or proper clothing, and exposed to bleak north winds. Within sight of passing steamers on the Mississippi, says the *New York Herald*, "hundreds of human beings can be seen, huddled on pieces of levees that remain intact. They sleep on the bare ground damp with the moisture of the waves which the wind causes to overleap the mounds on which these unhappy people have taken refuge after abandoning their cabins in the lowlands, where the waters floated them from their foundations, or wrecked them. Elsewhere are houses where the water has invaded the ground-floor, and families are living in the upper storeys. The general food consists of corn-meal bread and parched corn, and the shingles of the ruined dwellings serve for firewood. But soon many who live in this way will have no shelter, since they use the roofs for fuel." In Arkansas the people have constructed rude camps of brush boughs and cane, where they sit and wait for starvation and death, finding their only sustenance in the bodies of drowned cattle. In this State the floods are said to have rendered thousands of acres worthless, for unless the waters recede immediately, it will be impossible to plant the land with cotton for the spring, as no corn will grow on land immediately after a flood, and a cotton-crop must be planted first. Accordingly people are beginning to emigrate from Arkansas in immense numbers. The inundated district has been frequently devastated during the last 150 years—the most serious flood of later years being in 1850.



AFTER A DAY WITH HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS—ARRIVAL OF THE SPECIAL HUNTING TRAIN AT PADDINGTON



FRANCE.—French politicians have been occasionally heard to wish that Parliamentary parties in their own country could be divided into two great sections as in England, namely, Whig and Tory. It now seems likely that they may get their wish. Until a very recent period political circles have been split up into so many factions that a homogeneous majority was almost impossible, though a number of parties could be found to unite temporarily for some specific purpose involving a common principle. Since, however, the country has clearly manifested itself in favour of a Republic, and, moreover, averse to any form of extreme policy, there has been a tendency for all shades of Republicans to rally round the two sections—Liberal and Conservative—of the great Centre party, in which the country had previously declared its confidencie. Thus each centre began to absorb the various factions, and two prominent and consolidated parties arose, into whose hands the conduct of Parliamentary matters has gradually been falling. After M. Gambetta's fall, which may be said to have been caused by the Conservative party, of which M. de Freycinet is the acknowledged leader, and which it may be noted possesses the sympathy of M. Grévy, these parties became respectively more and more consolidated, until now the Chamber is divided into two sections almost as completely as on this side of the Channel, De Freycinetists and Gambettists—Conservatives and Liberals—with a fair majority for the former. This majority has been made still further manifest by the election of the committee on M. Léon Say's Budget, which is almost entirely composed of Ministerialists, with M. Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law, who has recently come prominently to the front as a financier, for its President. The result of this state of things has been far quieter debates, fewer personal questions and "incidents," as both sides, save of course the inevitable Extremists to be found in all Parliaments, consider themselves under some sort of Parliamentary discipline. How long this wholesome condition of affairs may last it is of course impossible to say, for such is the unstable condition of the French political mind that, were M. Gambetta to make one of his characteristic speeches, it is far from unlikely that all discipline would be as completely dispelled as was that of the band of trained monkeys when a spectator threw them a handful of nuts. To return to the actual true work of the Chamber, the election of the Budget Committee has given universal satisfaction, more particularly as the proposition that the Railway Companies should be granted a monopoly of their lines for fifteen years has been withdrawn. There has been a sharp debate over the recent expulsion of the Solesmes Benedictine monks from their monastery, in which Mgr. Freppel warmly attacked the Government; the Committee on the Oaths Bill has decided to recommend the abolition of compulsory swearing; and a sharp discussion has taken place respecting the Tunis estimates, the Government carrying them by a large majority, and M. de Freycinet announcing that the troops had already been reduced from 45,000 to 35,000, and would shortly be further reduced to 30,000.

In PARIS there has been a duelling, or perhaps we should say, a challenging, epidemic amongst journalists, for several threatening encounters have been "arranged" by friends after much abusive writing on both sides. The chief topic, however, has been the great success of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's new drama at the Théâtre Français, *Les Rantau*. The piece, founded on the authors' novel of the same name, treats of a bitter feud between two brothers whose children fall in love with each other after the manner of Romeo and Juliet. Their fate, however, is happier than that of the star-stricken lovers, for, after knocking his daughter down, and worrying her to death's door, one of the brothers relents, and a reconciliation is eventually brought about by a heart-stirring speech from his nephew, the hero of the plot. The piece was received with unqualified favour, and will probably be the great stock drama of the season. Another dramatic novelty is M. Gondinet's *Le Vulcan*, the latest Palais Royal comedy, in which the troubles of a retired bourgeois who starts a newspaper, and edits it himself, are amusingly portrayed. At the Opéra Comique a new three-act drama by M. Ernest Giraud has been produced, entitled *Une Galante Aventure*.—The recent gale caused much damage in Paris, and one woman was killed by a falling tree. In the provinces also several disasters are reported, noteworthy the upsetting of a lifeboat off Havre, and the drowning of the whole of the crew.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There is nothing new from the HERZEGOVINA or the CRIVOSCA, but MONTENEGRO is beginning to complain of the burden imposed upon her by the maintenance of some two thousand refugees, and to agitate for the proclamation of an amnesty from AUSTRIA. Mr. Evans, the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is still in prison at Ragusa, despite the efforts which have been made to procure his release. He is to be brought to trial next month.

In TURKEY proper there is little stirring, and the only noteworthy news is that the trial of the alleged murderers of Captain Selby will take place next week, and that the Porte has given the Russian Government permission to send through the Bosphorus certain vessels of war transporting convicts to Saghaliens.

In EGYPT the Prime Minister, Mahmoud Pasha Baroudi, has pro-rogued the Chamber of Notables, and has addressed a letter to the Khedive, protesting against the statement of the European controllers that "the political disorganisation which had led to a financial improvement has been greatly modified by recent events," and declaring that the Cabinet firmly intends loyally to maintain "the institutions created with a view of assuring the service of the Consolidated Debt, and notably the control and the attributes of the Controllers as clearly defined in the Khedive's Decree of Nov. 15, 1879. . . . There is no reason to apprehend that any effect resulting from the new régime will reach the action of the Control in the extent of its attributes or the guarantees of the Egyptian bondholders." Notwithstanding these assurances there have been various sensational rumours on the Alexandria Bourse, particularly with regard to the possible deposition or abdication of the Khedive; while, on the other hand, the Great Powers are said to be actively considering the Egyptian question, and to be united in their determination to maintain the Khedive's authority and the international right of control over the finances.

RUSSIA.—The excitement caused by General Skobelev's fiery speech is gradually subsiding, and the Czar has done his best to soothe both Germany and Austria, by writing affectionate letters to Emperor William, and by sending the Grand Duke Vladimir to Vienna, where he has been most cordially received. Thus apparent harmony once more reigns between the three Empires—we say apparent, because there is an under-current of hostile feeling prevailing amongst Slav and Teuton which may burst forth again at any moment. The coronation of the Czar appears to have been fixed, after all, for August, and Moscow is already preparing for the consequent festivities. Houses are already being engaged, and Sir Edward Thornton has been there to secure quarters for the British Embassy. As the Nihilists are expected to muster in force on the occasion, numbers of the inhabitants are being registered and enrolled as special constables, and are to line the streets along which the procession will pass. The Nihilists are as active as ever, another issue of their organ, *Will of the People*, has appeared, and in a leader on

the assassination of the late Czar, while some disappointment is expressed at the effect of the catastrophe on the "instructed class," which "has no elements capable of playing the political rôle," the writer declares that "we will go on in spite of the reprisals of the Government, and, as we have done hitherto, we will continue to disorganise the Government whenever it shall seem necessary. Men knowing how to die for their ideas will not be stopped by the deceit of society, by calumny or torture. To conquer or to die is our motto." The same journal also treats of the Secret Holy League, which has been formed for combatting Nihilism with its own weapons, not even stopping at assassination. Chief amongst its founders are stated to be the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, while it is asserted that invitations to join the association have been sent all over the country, stamped with the seal of the Imperial Household. Most persons, the writer continues, are placed in a somewhat awkward position, as they cannot very well refuse to become members, and not every one has the courage of General Skobelev, who replied that his oath to the Emperor would not permit him to become a member of a secret society of that kind.

ITALY.—Signor Magliani has had the happiness enjoyed by few Finance Ministers of producing the most prosperous Budget in the annals of modern Italy. He announced a surplus of all but two millions sterling, obtained both by an economy in the expenditure and by an increase in the revenue. The value both of Italian exports and imports has very considerably risen during the past year, and has proved satisfactorily that the abolition of the forced currency has produced no ill effect upon trade.

The Pope held a consistory on Monday, at which seven new Cardinals were created. Amongst them was Monsignor Edward McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin. On Tuesday the five new Cardinals who were present in Rome visited the Pope, and received their *birettas* from him. After the ceremony Cardinal McCabe presented an address from the Chapter of Dublin expressing their thanks for the elevation of their Archbishop to the Cardinalate.

An English officer, Captain Bosanquet, of H.M.S. *Northumberland*, has been attacked by a brigand near Cagliari. After a struggle the latter snatched Captain Bosanquet's watch, and escaped. He was, however, subsequently captured by the police. The utmost activity was displayed by the authorities, and the warmest sympathy expressed by the inhabitants, all of which Captain Bosanquet gratefully acknowledged in a letter to *L'Avenir*.

General Garibaldi has gone to Palermo to take part in the celebration of the six-hundredth anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers. He has been enthusiastically received throughout his journey, and the Commune of Albano telegraphed that they would tear up the rails if his train did not stop there.

INDIA.—Contradictory reports continue to arrive from Afghanistan, some testifying to the increase of political power and influence which the Ameer is gradually gaining, and others declaring that Herat is in a state of almost open insurrection. The chief topic in Indian circles, however, has been the Budget, which is now pronounced "one-sided," particularly with respect to the abolition of the import duties; and the Indian journals, *The Times* correspondent tells us, complains that, while a wealthy country like England, where direct taxation has been reduced to a science, cannot or will not admit Indian goods duty free, India, a poor country, where direct taxation is practically impossible, is compelled by England to admit her goods and those of other nations duty free." This is particularly onerous with regard to tea and tobacco.

UNITED STATES.—The death of Mr. Longfellow, of whom a detailed notice appears in another column, has called forth the warmest expressions of regret and mourning. He had long been ailing in health, and on Sunday week was attacked with diarrhoea and inflammation of the bowels. Peritonitis ensued, and caused death.

The floods caused by the overflow of the Mississippi and its contributaries are at last everywhere declining. Dry land is reappearing in many districts, and in some planting has recommenced. Indeed, such an improvement is noted that the Mississippi agent has telegraphed that supplies need not be sent after April 10.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SWITZERLAND great preparations are being made to celebrate the official opening of the St. Gotthard Railway, in which King Humbert is expected to take part.—In GERMANY Prince Bismarck, undismayed at the rejection by his own Economic Council of his Tobacco Monopoly Bill, intends to submit the measure to the Reichstag.—In CYPRUS a new Constitution has been announced, which provides for a Legislative Council of six official and twelve elected members, nine of the latter being Christians and three Mahomedans. The Greek community are delighted with these provisions, and the Mahomedans proportionately dissatisfied.—In SOUTH AFRICA matters are not very prosperous in Zululand, where a definitive settlement is universally desired, and, according to the *Daily News*, there are great complaints with regard to John Dunn's conduct in obtaining possession of cattle on various pretexts. In Basutoland affairs are more hopeful, and the Cape Ministry has announced that the Government propose to repeal the proclamation for the disarmament of the Basutos, and to appoint a Commission to investigate their grievances, and to consider what system of administration would be best adapted to the requirements of Basutoland.



HER MAJESTY and Princess Beatrice daily visit some sight of interest in the neighbourhood of Mentone, and take long drives, have visited Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury's garden at La Mortola, and have called on the King and Queen of Saxony, and Mrs. Henfrey. Several guests have also been received at the Châlet, the Duke and Duchess and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg having spent a short time with the Queen, while on Saturday Her Majesty received the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, the Mayor of Mentone, the British Vice-Consul, and other officials of the neighbourhood, who were presented by Lord Lyons. Divine Service was performed before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice at the Châlet on Sunday morning, when the Rev. J. Woodroffe, of Christ Church, Mentone, officiated. During the stay the Queen has accepted Dr. Bennet's offer of the sole use of his well-known garden, which is situated in an isolated spot, about a mile from the town on the Italian side, on the mountain El Dorado, some 300 feet above the sea-level. The garden, which is formed of a series of terraces planted with orange, lemon, and olive trees, affords one of the finest views in the neighbourhood, particularly from the Fighting Terrace of the Saracen Tower. Earl Spencer is at Mentone as Minister in Attendance.—The Queen's birthday is to be kept on June 3rd throughout England this year.

The Prince of Wales at the end of last week called a meeting at Marlborough House of gentlemen connected with the Colonies to discuss the establishment of the proposed Royal College of Music. On Saturday the Prince attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum, and subsequently accompanied the Princess to the Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Commencing at the Domestic Lighting Exhibition, the Prince and Princess made a minute tour of inspection, and on visiting Mr.

Edison's Court the Princess was presented with a gilt floral bouquet, concealing an incandescent lamp in the centre, while the Royal party subsequently dined at the Palace. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and next day visited the studios of Mr. Millais, R.A., and Mr. and Mrs. Jopling, dining with the Russian Ambassador. Prince Christian and Duke Ernest of Slesvig-Holstein, lunched at Marlborough House on Tuesday, and subsequently the Prince and Princess visited the studios of Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. In the evening they went to the Globe Theatre, and on returning home met with a slight accident in the Strand. One of the horses of the Royal carriage fell, and the other became restive, so that the Prince and Princess were obliged to take the equerries' carriage, which was close behind. On Wednesday night the Prince presided at the Festival Dinner in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.—Finding his time fully occupied during his coming Easter visit to Portsmouth, the Prince has declined the proposed public banquet. He will reach Portsmouth early on April 8th.—On the 24th inst. the Prince will hold a *réveille* on behalf of the Queen.—Princes Albert Victor and George were present last week at the British Amateur Athletic sports at Alexandria, and, after receiving official farewell visits, left early on Sunday for Jaffa in the *Bacchante*, escorted by the *Iris*. Their homeward route has been somewhat altered, and instead of returning overland they will cruise with the *Bacchante* with the Mediterranean Squadron, and meet the Detached Squadron at Gibraltar, reaching England about the second week in August.

The Duke of Edinburgh is continuing his tour of inspection on the south-western coast. Accompanied by the Duchess he spent Sunday in the *Lively* at Plymouth, and started again next morning.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent two days in Paris last week, and left on Friday for Biarritz, where they will stay until the 20th inst. Their baby remains at Windsor.—Princess Louise on Saturday visited Harrow with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, where after being present in the Speech-Room at the performance of Mr. Baillie Hamilton's new musical instrument, and hearing the boys sing, the Princess visited the College Chapel and Vaughan Library before leaving.

Preparations for the marriage of Prince Leopold at St. George's, Windsor, have begun this week, as the wedding will take place on or about the 27th inst. A covered way is to be erected at the west end of the chapel, where the Queen, the bride and bridegroom, and the wedding party will alight, while the steps will be covered in and waiting-rooms for the bridal party arranged at the top. The Communion rails will be altered to give more room, and the central choir seats will be moved so as to allow the wedding procession to enter unimpeded. The chief guests will occupy the side choir stalls, and the remainder of the company will sit in the body of the church. After the 11th inst. the Lord Chamberlain will take possession of the chapel, and the daily services will cease. Meanwhile Prince Leopold has unfortunately met with an accident while out walking at Mentone, and has been confined to his room. The silver toilet set presented to the Prince by the Bachelors' Club has been exhibited this week. There are twenty pieces, all inscribed with the Prince's monogram—brushes, toilet bottles, hand-glass, boxes, &c.—but the chief piece is the splendid mirror in an elaborately worked frame of the Louis XVI. period,—flowers, fruits, and shells in repoussé work.



WAGNER.—If information from Bayreuth may be relied upon, Herr Richard Wagner, having exhausted the Teutonic and Scandinavian myths, contemplates a visit to Athens, with the object of gathering materials for a new opera, founded on the sunnier fables of early Greece. It is pleasant to imagine Wagner liberated from the Dark Ages separating ancient from modern civilisation; but all his proselytes and admirers must hope that he will not resuscitate Orpheus in the guise of Tannhäuser, or Perseus with a swan, instead of a white horse, to cross the seas and rescue a new Andromeda in the guise of Lohengrin's Elsa. Meanwhile we are anxiously looking forward to his yet unacted *Parsifal*, which, if the music be as good as the poem, and that marvellous creation, Kundry, finds befitting melodious strains, will assuredly prove his master-work. We are to have such a deluge of Wagner during the spring and summer of the present year, that whatever concerns him personally should possess just now a special interest for nineteen out of twenty musical readers. Upon the issue of the coming "cyclicus" it would be vain to speculate—as vain as to venture a decided opinion about the probable duration of the ever more and more encroaching Wagnerian epidemic. Mr. Carl Rosa might tell us something about his own experiences with this new kind of drama, or "musical stage-play," as it is eccentrically styled; but that enterprising gentleman, who manufactures so much home-opera out of exotic materials, is too close and reserved to publish anything material with respect to his business affairs. This much, however, is certain—the Wagnerian fever threatens the speedy dissolution of what is called "Italian Opera"—dissolution only to be averted by some unlooked-for reaction. If none such occurs (which is unlikely), so much the worse for music, as we are accustomed to regard it on the operatic stage. Henceforward, in place of frankly rhythmical "tune," we shall be asked to accept the "infinite" (unrhythymical) "melos," upon which the initiated apostles of these newly devised "Eleusynian Mysteries"—mysteries that would puzzle Jamblichus to unravel—pin their implicit faith. But a general public verdict will eventually settle the question; and it is consoling to reflect that a brain so complex, involved, and altogether extraordinary as Wagner's is too rare a phenomenon to be expected more than once in an epoch of art-transfiguration. Admitting that Wagner, the musician, after his peculiar manner may find a worthy successor, who will be the poet to inspire him with musical ideas? Wagner is his own poet; and therein, being an unquestionably genuine poet, lies the main secret of his power to charm and win over converts to his theories.

CONCERTS.—Our general notice of recent concerts must be held over till next week.

WAIFS.—*The Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz has created much enthusiasm at Zürich, one of Wagner's favourite resorts in the olden time. This work appears to have extinguished the *Faust* Symphony of Liszt, which is odd enough, seeing that the one is merely a pantomimic reflex of the other. Berlioz (not "greatly to his credit") was the real inventor of what is facetiously represented as the "modern orchestra," from which Wagner, and more especially Liszt, have borrowed, to such eminent disadvantage.—The Livadia Theatre, in St. Petersburg, has been burnt to the ground. How many more fires are we to expect during the prevailing epidemic?—The Stadtheater at Coblenz, according to the Rhinen papers, will not open this year, the Corporation having refused to grant the stipend necessary for the recently-contemplated precautions against fire. "Better shut up than burnt"—a good many will exclaim; but the actual use of a theatre perpetually closed is difficult to understand.—Schumann's one, and by no means successful opera, *Genoveva*, has been performed at the Stadtheater in Augsburg, for the benefit of the well-known orchestral conductor, Herr Kleffel.—Johannes Strauss, the popular Viennese composer on

dance-music and "opera bouffe," is about to give a series of concerts during three months in America, commencing on the 15th of this month.—The *Faust* of Berlioz has been performed at morning and evening concerts in Philadelphia, by the New York Symphony and Oratorio Societies, conducted by Dr. Damrosch (who appears to entertain no idea at present of coming back to the "Old World.")—Mr. F. H. Cowen has returned to England, after his highly satisfactory visit to Germany. His "Scandinavian Symphony," played under his own direction, at Stuttgart, was received with the same enthusiasm as had greeted it in Vienna and Pesth. English composers seem to be looking up abroad, and finding sympathetic hearers.—The revival of Mercadante's opera, *Orazi e Curiazi*, at Naples, has proved a success.—The Opera House at Cairo will be opened this season, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.—M. Joseph Dupont, of Brussels, associate conductor with Signor Bevignani at the Royal Italian Opera, has been created Knight of the Legion of Honour.—The Czar (by telegram to Vienna) invited the boy violinist, Maurice Dengremont, to play before the Empress and himself at Gatschina, on the 18th ult.—The disaster at the Marseilles "Palais de Cristal" occurred close upon another in Algiers, where the Theatre, through some accident yet unexplained, was burnt to the ground.—The Cercle Philharmonique at Mentone gave a special concert to commemorate the visit of the Queen of England and Empress of India. Among the singers was the excellent light-tenor, Signor Nouelli, who, two years ago, was heard with such unmixed satisfaction at the Royal Italian Opera that his not being retained in the company caused general surprise among the amateurs.—The operatic season at the San Carlo, Lisbon, has terminated. The work selected was *Norma*, with Madame de Cepeda (favourably remembered by Mr. Gye's patrons), as the Druid Priestess.—On the 9th inst., Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt begins a series of performances at the Theatre Real, Madrid. Her tour on the continent, notwithstanding the annoyance at Odessa (which disinclined her to visit Warsaw), has been one of uninterrupted and almost unexampled success. Her active and intelligent manager, Mr. Henry C. Jarrett, is still her *compagnon de voyage*.—It is stated in American journals that among the leading singers who are to accompany Mr. Ernest Gye to New York, for the opening of the new Opera House (of which he takes the management), are Mlle. Van Zandt, Mesdames Patti, Albani, and Valleria, all more or less Americans, though only one of them (Madame Valleria, we believe), was actually born in the United States.—The revival of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* at the Scala, Milan, has been postponed in consequence of the illness of M. Maurel.—Donizetti's "posthumous" opera, *Il Duca di Alba*, has at last been performed, with unqualified success, at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. No wonder; for, if there is a Verdi in Italy to worthily uphold the operatic standard of his country, there is not a Donizetti throughout the length and breadth of the land. Señor Gayarre, Mr. Gye's Spanish tenor, was entrusted with the leading part. The contest for the oratorio prize, offered by the Musical Society, seems to have fallen through, not a single work hitherto sent in being worthy of performance (at the Society's expense).—A monument to John Sebastian Bach is being erected at Eisenach, in Saxony—the birthplace of the illustrious master. It was to have been "inaugurated" three years hence, on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of Bach's birth; but we are now given to understand that the celebration is fixed for an earlier date. Whenever it comes off it will draw pilgrims from all parts of the civilised and music-loving world.—There will be no Silesian Music Festival this year, Leignitz having rejected the proffered terms.—The last morning Popular Concert will be given to-day, the last evening concert (at which Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim are both to appear) on Monday.

to them. At Northallerton, on Sunday, some fifty members of the Army went in procession, with music and flags, to the parish church, to attend a service at which the Holy Communion was administered by the Vicar, who had specially invited them to attend.



THE long discussions regarding copyright law and literary etiquette which have preceded the production of Ouida's *Moths* appear to have had the effect of directing public attention to the performance at the GLOBE Theatre on Saturday afternoon in a degree out of proportion to the importance of the occasion. These incidental questions, however, seem to have had but little influence on the reception accorded to the piece. It is unquestionably a hard thing for a novelist to find his or her work operated upon by a playwright after his own fashion, and to have no power to restrain his unceremonious proceedings; but the fault is the fault of the law, or rather of the law's accidental shortcomings. Originally the only definition of "copyright" was the right to multiply copies. Therefore, when a dramatist had published a play anybody was at liberty to act it, because in so doing he did not "multiply copies." The Dramatic Copyright Act of 1834, designed to remedy this grievous hardship, gave for the first time to the writer of a dramatic piece an exclusive right of representation; but then a novel is not a dramatic piece, and so it seems anybody may take its plot, characters, and dialogue, and present them on the stage. This is what gentlemen who have nice scruples on points of honour and etiquette would, nevertheless, probably not like to do in defiance of the wishes of a lady, that lady being the author of the novel. Mr. Hamilton, however, is manifestly not one of these scrupulous individuals. It appears to be clear that he has not exceeded his legal rights, and at the hands of his audience he may perhaps be considered to have received a practical condonation. *Moths* is not a dramatic work of any high value, but it sets forth the outline of Ouida's rather commonplace story—commonplace that is in itself, apart from the author's showy but clever elaboration—with skill as regards at least the maintenance of the spectator's curiosity. It is a tale, as has been correctly said, "simply of a gentle daughter married from discreditable motives by a worthless mother to a cruel husband, and of a more worthy admirer who waits for the reversion of the young lady's hand with more or less fervid impatience." All this is familiar enough, and Mr. Hamilton's version suffers, like most adaptations of novels, from the dramatist's necessary inability to expend upon his portraits the minute touches which the novelist has at his disposal. Hence both his bad and wicked folk have a somewhat crude and unfinished air. The pretty little simple-minded heroine's yearning for the Greek grammar, and other strange delights, for example, though made intelligible in the story, sounded on the stage like a mere arbitrary and eccentric exhibition of feminine whim. This may arise partly from the fact that Miss Litton, though always pretty and always clever, does not possess the art of indicating childlike simplicity and innocence. The playwright has introduced some changes in true playwright fashion—converting Corrèze into a very model of a faithful swain, and securing him the reversion of the heroine's hand by the simple device of getting her morose Russian husband slain in a duel by another admirer, who, cherishing a hopeless passion for the childlike Vera, takes this mode of serving her while losing his own life in the encounter. Mr. Bellew, who represents Corrèze, enters fully into the spirit of this position, and makes love to Vera with the youthful grace and chivalrous fervour of the young hero of St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia." Mr. Hamilton, who plays a minor part in his own piece very creditably, is fortunate indeed in most of his coadjutors. Mr. Estcourt's Prince Touroff, however, has been objected to for a certain lack of distinction, arising as it would seem mainly from the actor's too great anxiety to bring into relief the morose and brutal characteristics of the Russian husband, in which latter respect he is certainly successful. Decidedly the most popular performance of all was that of the American lady, Fuchsia Leach, whose ready wit and harmless vulgarity yielded in the hands of that excellent actress, Miss Louise Willes, infinite amusement. Among other clever impersonations were Mr. Herbert Standing's Lord Jura and Miss Carlotta Addison's Lady Dolly Vanderdecken. The play was applauded, and the author called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of a crowded audience; but whether all this is deemed sufficiently encouraging to induce the managers to carry out the half-formed intention of transferring the new play to the evening bill, does not yet appear.

A new comedy of modern English life and manners is in preparation at the COURT Theatre. The title is *The Parvenu*; the author is Mr. G. W. Godfrey. During Passion Week this theatre will be closed, to re-open with the new play on Saturday, April 8. Captain Shaw's report upon the London Theatres as regards their provisions against fire and panic is said to be highly condemnatory of several important houses. The structural alterations deemed necessary amount, it is believed, in some cases virtually to complete demolition, and would, in many cases, be considerable, and, of necessity, very costly; under these circumstances, the Board of Works have referred Captain Shaw's report to the Home Secretary. A representation of Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's comic opera *Bilie Taylor* will be given at the GAIETY Theatre this afternoon at the unusually late hour of 3.30. This arrangement is understood to be for the special convenience of visitors to the Boat Race on their return to town.

A new poetical historical play is to be produced at Manchester on Easter Monday, and, as we are assured, on a grand scale. The heroine is Lady Jane Grey—a part to be sustained by Miss Allyn. This afternoon a new historical play called *The King Maker*, written by Mr. J. W. Boulding, will be produced at the ADELPHI Theatre. On Saturday next, the 8th inst., Messrs. Boucicault and Planche's Grand Spectacular Opera, *Babil and Bijou*, will be revived at the ALHAMBRA Theatre.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—On the occasion of the Annual Benefit of the popular favourite, Mr. G. W. Moore, on Tuesday last, the Great St. James's Hall was filled, during both the afternoon and evening performances, by highly-appreciative audiences. As is usual at these benefits, the regular minstrels' entertainment, which comprised a selection of well-established favourite ditties, was supplemented by aid rendered by sundry theatrical and other celebrities. Thus, at the morning performance, among other artistes, Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Farren, Miss Ella Chapman, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. H. Paulson, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. H. Walshaw, and the Girard Troupe, in their new Aesthetic Quadrille, appeared; while, in the evening, Mr. John Nash, Mr. Vance, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, and other stars of the music halls gave efficient help in amusing the visitors.

Last Monday evening *The School for Scandal* reached the fiftieth night of its present revival at the VAUDEVILLE. We spoke at length, on the occasion of its first production, of the admirable cast which Mr. Thorne had secured, and the excellent scenery he had

furnished to do honour to Sheridan's play, and we need only add here that the comedy seems likely to have as long a run as it had during its former memorable revival at the same theatre.

At the ADELPHI Theatre, on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Wallworth's operetta *Kevin's Choice* was performed at the composer's benefit. To a remarkably slight plot which deals with the trials of two Irish lovers, Mr. Wallworth has wedged some pleasing light music, two of his numbers—the priest's song and the lover's serenade—being especially pretty, and being well sung by Messrs. Pyatt and Walshaw, the latter of whom has a good voice but scant dramatic power. Mesdames Edith Wynne and Lucy Franklin sustained the female characters, and Mr. Wallworth himself contributed the best bit of acting in the small part of a roguish peasant. The operetta was preceded by a capital musical selection, in which Mr. and Mrs. Furlong and Messrs. Redfern Hollins, Maas, and Carrodus took part, besides Mr. Wallworth's pupils, Miss Featherley and Mr. Victor.

The Neville Dramatic School is, we believe, the only institution of the kind in London which affords instruction to those who desire to take a part in dramatic performances, either as amateurs or as professionals; the performance of the pupils then, although of itself scarcely calling for notice, may be of some public interest. The new piece, *Trapped at Last*, played at the ROYALTY on Saturday last, appears to have been written more with a view to give each pupil a little part than to compete for public favour. From this point of view it was fairly well sustained, and two of the performers, Madame de Sarria and Mr. Forbes Drummond, rendered their parts in a manner that would take rank as fairly good acting. A young lady, Miss L. Franklin, who took the character of Margery in the *Rough Diamond*, elicited the warmest approbation by the ease and grace she gave to this well-known character.



SOLICITORS AND CLIENTS.—On Tuesday Mr. Justice Manisty and Mr. Justice Stephen delivered judgment restoring to the roll of solicitors the name of a Sheffield practitioner who had been struck off in 1869, in consequence of his having been convicted of a bankruptcy misdemeanour. They however remarked that in extreme cases, such as perjury or forgery, expulsion from the profession ought never to be remitted; and added that it could not be widely known that, when a solicitor is intrusted with his client's money, he has no business whatever to mix it up with his own, and that by doing any such thing he takes the first step which may lead to absolute ruin.

A "GLOVE FIGHT."—On Monday the police made a raid upon the building in Tavistock Place, formerly used as a chapel by Archdeacon Dunbar, and arrested nine men out of a crowd of about 150, whom, as they allege, they found engaged in aiding and abetting in a prize fight. It was stated that a guinea was charged for admission, and after two harmless sparring matches with boxing gloves had been gone through, a contest was begun between two men, who were stripped to the waist, and used only light unpadded gloves. One of these knocked the other down, and in the second round knocked him across the ropes and kicked him. The Bow Street magistrate remanded all the accused for a week, agreeing to accept 80/- bail for each. Mr. Elliott, who engaged the hall, has written to the papers saying that the meeting was "orderly and most respectable," until the police interfered, but the magistrate's remark, on adjourning the case, was that evidence was very strong as far as it went, although he, of course, could not conjecture what would be produced to rebut it.

"MONEY LENT ON EASY TERMS" is the tempting, but delusive, announcement which often meets the eye of the struggling tradesman or impecunious clerk in the advertisement columns of the daily press, and too frequently the transactions between lender and borrower, although manifestly unfair, are so managed as to steer just clear of legal liability. Mr. Chance, the Lambeth magistrate, the other day, in dealing with a batch of complaints, which may or may not have been well founded, said he could not give any assistance, and announced that the Public Prosecutor had declined to take up a case which he had remitted to him some days before. Sometimes, however, the usurers over-reach themselves, as in the Chancery suit, *Moorhouse v. Wolfe*, decided the other day by Mr. Justice Kay. The plaintiff, an old Yorkshire farmer, had borrowed 100/-, understanding that he was to pay 4½ per cent., but was actually charged 125 per cent. The Judge commented severely upon the conduct of the defendant and his solicitor, and set aside the bill of sale as fraudulent, ordering the defendant to pay costs both of the injunction and the action.

THE PECCULAR PEOPLE.—The Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved has quashed the conviction of Mr. Morby, a member of the Peculiar People, for the manslaughter of his child. Other Peculiar People will, however, do well to note that this was done solely because the doctor called at the trial was unable to say positively that death was accelerated by neglect to call in medical aid, though he thought it probable.

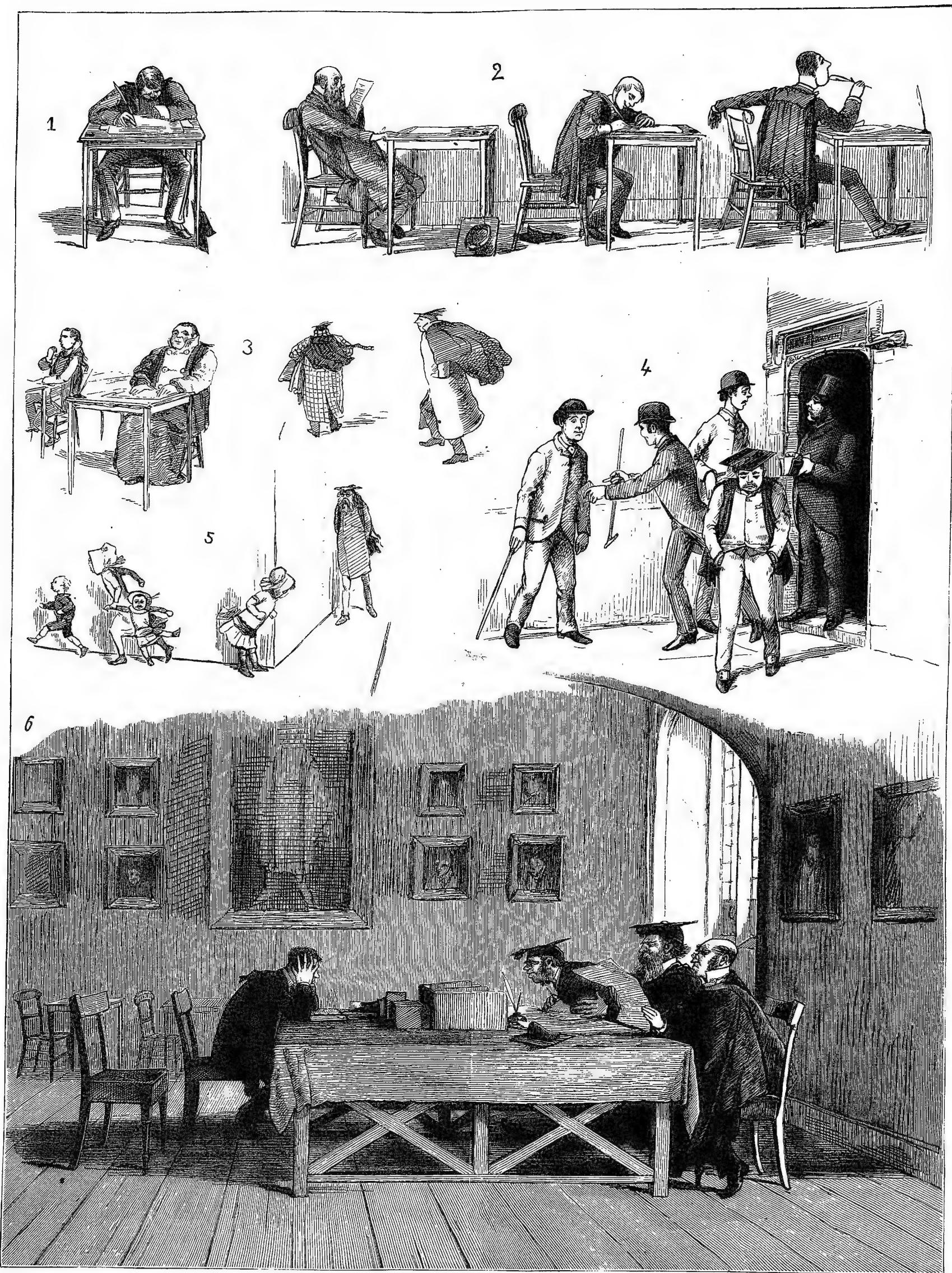
A JUVENILE FAGIN.—At Manchester a pupil teacher, who was proved to have induced three boys under his charge to steal for him, by threatening to flog them, and to have falsified the school-register to conceal their absence while on their felonious mission, has been convicted of "receiving goods knowing them to be stolen," and punished (?) by a fine of ten shillings.

A PARSEE AND THE OATH.—The other day a Parsee gentleman being called as a witness in a case before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, objected to be sworn on either the Old or New Testament, or the Koran; and was ultimately allowed to make a declaration, holding in his hand a sacred relic which he wore as a charm, he having declared that the act would be binding on his conscience. The Commissioner, however, remarked that he had always understood that a Parsee was usually sworn holding the tail of a cow, which in India was a sacred animal.

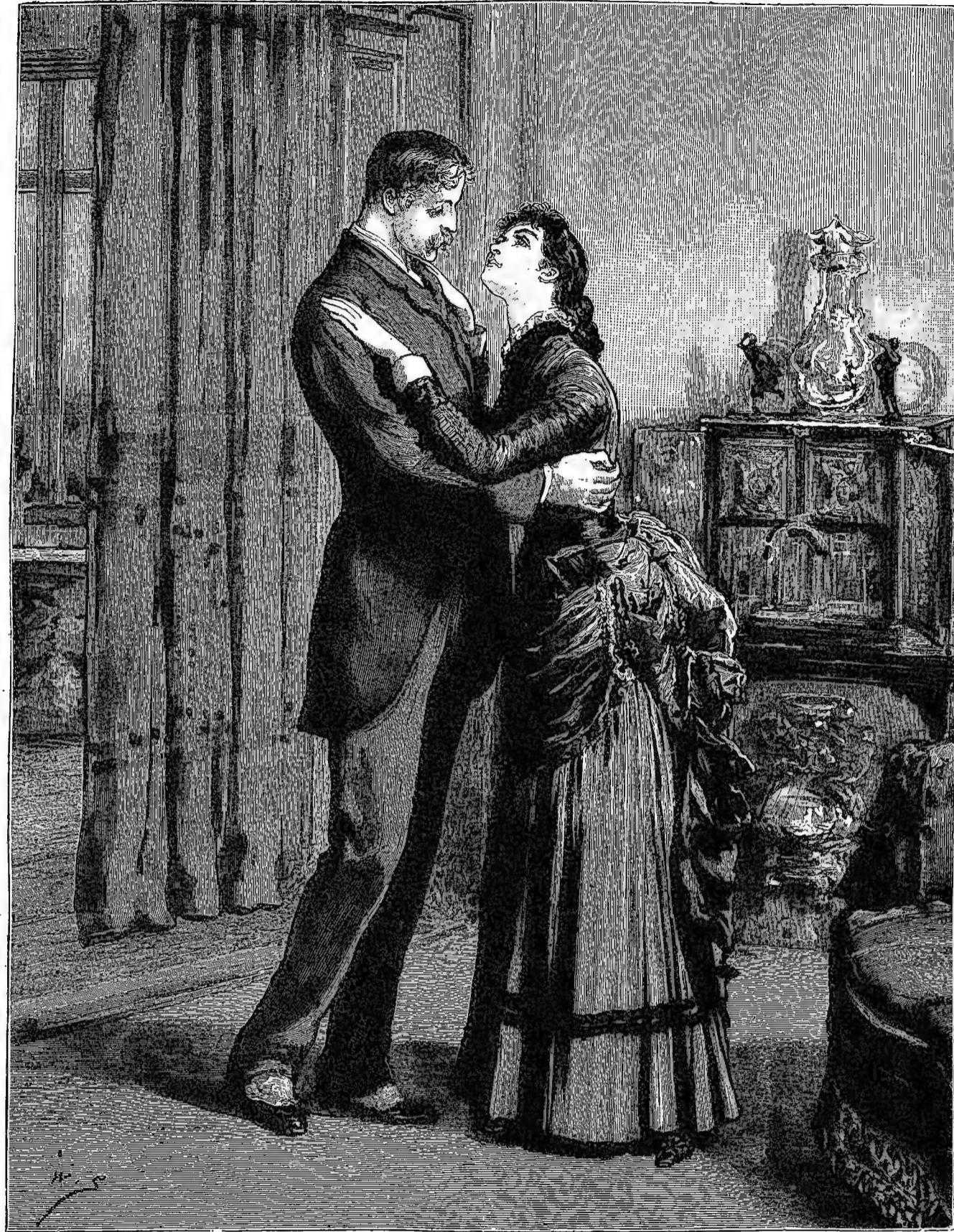
RAILWAY TICKET CLIPPING.—In the Queen's Bench Division Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Cave have decided that ticket clipping being within the railway companies' rights, their officials commit no assault in obstructing a passenger who tries to force his way past them on to a platform without complying with the prescribed conditions, and further that if in the struggle he pushes against any one of them he is himself liable to an action for assault.

"AN IMPOSTOR OF THE WORST DESCRIPTION," who has been making a tour in the Midlands as "Captain" in the Salvation Army, and passing from town to town without settling his bills, has just been sent to prison for three months by the Bristol magistrates for deserting his wife and family.

MR. C. H. MABEY, of Prince's Gate, Westminster, has produced a good medallion portrait in plaster of Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Mabey shows his subject in full profile, and he has reproduced with much fidelity the well-known features of the popular actor. The medallion will doubtless be appreciated by the many admirers of Mr. Irving.



1. The Gentleman who is Complimented by the Examiners.—2. Some Gentlemen who are not.—3. The Schools in Cold Weather.—4. "Testamur, Sir?" "No, Sir."—5. Chorus: "Ma! Ma! Pa's Ploughed Again."—6. "Viva Voce."



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

They were in each other's arms before a word was spoken between them.

MARIION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMELY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LADY FRANCES SEES HER LOVER

On the Monday in that week,—Monday, the 5th of January, on which day Hampstead had been hunting, and meditating the attack which he subsequently made on Zachary Fay, in King's Court,—Mrs. Vincent had paid a somewhat unusually long visit in Paradise Row. As the visit was always made on Monday neither Clara Demijohn nor Mrs. Duffer had been very much surprised; but still it had been observed that the brougham had been left at the Duchess of Edinburgh for an hour beyond the usual time, and a few remarks were made. "She is so punctual about her time generally," Clara had said. But Mrs. Duffer remarked that as she had exceeded the hour generally devoted to her friend's company she had probably found it quite as well to stay another. "They don't make half-hours in any of those yards, you know," said Mrs. Duffer. And so the matter had been allowed to pass as having been sufficiently explained.

But there had in truth been more than that in Mrs. Vincent's prolonged visit to her cousin. There had been much to be discussed, and the discussion led to a proposition made that evening by Mrs. Roden to her son by which the latter was much surprised. She was desirous of starting almost immediately for Italy, and was anxious that he should accompany her. If it were to be so he was quite alive to the expediency of going with her. "But what is it, mother?" he asked, when she had requested his attendance without

giving the cause which rendered the journey necessary. Then she paused as though considering whether she would comply with his request, and tell him that whole secret of his life which she had hitherto concealed from him. "Of course, I will not press you," he said, "if you think that you cannot trust me."

"Oh, George, that is unkind."

"What else am I to say? Is it possible that I should start suddenly upon such a journey, or that I should see you doing so, without asking the reason why? Or can I suppose if you do not tell me, but that there is some reason why you should not trust me?"

"You know I trust you. No mother ever trusted a son more implicitly. You ought to know that. It is not a matter of trusting. There may be secrets to which a person shall be so pledged that she cannot tell them to her dearest friend. If I had made a promise would you not have me keep it?"

"Promises such as that should not be exacted, and should not be made."

"But if they have been exacted and have been made? Do as I ask you now, and it is probable that everything will be clear to you before we return, or at any rate as clear to you as it is to me." After this, with a certain spirit of reticence which was peculiar with him, he made up his mind to do as his mother would have him without asking further questions. He set himself to work immediately to make the necessary arrangements for his journey with as much apparent satisfaction as though it were to be done on his own behalf. It was decided that they would start on the next Friday, travel

through France and by the tunnel of the Mont Cenis, to Turin, and thence on to Milan. Of what further there was to befall them he knew nothing at this period.

It was necessary in the first place that he should get leave of absence from Sir Boreas, as to which he professed himself to be in much doubt, because he had already enjoyed the usual leave of absence allowed by the rules of the office. But on this matter he found Aeolus to be very complaisant. "What, Italy?" said Sir Boreas. "Very nice when you get there, I should say, but a bad time of year for travelling. Sudden business, eh?—To go with your mother? It is bad for a lady to go alone. How long? You don't know? Well; come back as soon as you can; that's all. You couldn't take Crocker with you, could you?" For at this time Crocker had already got into further trouble in regard to imperfections of handwriting. He had been promised absolution as to some complaint made against him on condition that he could read a page of his own manuscript. But he had altogether failed in the attempt. Roden didn't think that he could carry Crocker to Italy, but arranged his own affair without that impediment.

But there was another matter which must be arranged also. It was now six weeks since he had walked with Lord Hampstead half-way back from Holloway to Hendon, and had been desired by his friend not to visit Lady Frances while she was staying at Hendon Hall. The reader may remember that he had absolutely refused to make any promise, and that there had consequently been some sharp words spoken between the two friends. There might, he had then

said, arise an occasion on which he should find it impossible not to endeavour to see the girl he loved. But hitherto, though he had refused to submit himself to the demand made upon him, he had complied with its spirit. At this moment, as it seemed to him, a period had come in which it was essential to him that he should visit her. There had been no correspondence between them since those Königsgaaf days in consequence of the resolutions which she herself had made. Now, as he often told himself, they were as completely separated as though each had determined never again to communicate with the other. Months had gone by since a word had passed between them. He was a man, patient, retentive, and by nature capable of enduring such a trouble without loud complaint; but he did remember from day to day how near they were to each other, and he did not fail to remind himself that he could hardly expect to find constancy in her unless he took some means of proving to her that he was constant himself. Thinking of all this he determined that he would do his best to see her before he started for Italy. Should he fail to be received at Hendon Hall then he would write. But he would go to the house and make his attempt.

On Thursday morning, the day on which Hampstead arrived at Trafford Park, he went down from London, and knocking at the door asked at once for Lady Frances. Lady Frances was at home and alone;—alone altogether, having no companion with her in the house during her brother's absence. The servant who opened the door, the same who had admitted poor Crocker, and had understood how much his young mistress had been dismayed when the Post Office clerk had been announced, was unwilling at once to show this other Post Office clerk into the house, although he probably understood well the difference between the two comers. “I'll go and see,” he said, leaving George Roden to sit or stand in the hall as he liked best. Then the man, with a sagacity which certainly did him credit, made a roundabout journey through the house, so that the lover stationed in the hall might not know that his mistress was to be reached merely by the opening of a single door. “A gentleman in the hall?” said Lady Frances.

“Mr. Roden, my lady,” said the man.

“Show him in,” said Lady Frances, allowing herself just a moment for consideration,—a moment so short that she trusted that no hesitation had been visible. And yet she had doubted much. She had been very clear in explaining to her brother that she had made no promise. She had never pledged herself to any one that she would deny herself to her lover should he come to see her. She would not admit to herself that even her brother, even her father, had a right to demand from her such a pledge. But she knew what were her brother's wishes on this matter, and what were the reasons for them. She knew also how much she owed to him. But she too had suffered from that long silence. She had considered that a lover whom she never saw, and from whom she never heard, was almost as bad as no lover at all. She had beaten her feathers against her cage as she thought of this cruel separation. She had told herself of the short distance which separated Hendon from Holloway. She perhaps had reflected that had the man been as true to her as was she to him, he would not have allowed himself to be deterred by the injunctions either of father or brother. Now, at any rate, when her lover was at the door, she could not turn him away. It had all to be thought of, but it was thought of so quickly that the order for her lover's admittance was given almost without a pause which could have been felt. Then, in half a minute, her lover was in the room with her.

Need the chronicler of such scenes declare that they were in each other's arms before a word was spoken between them? The first word that was spoken came from her. “Oh, George, how long it has been!”

“It has been long to me.”

“But at last you have come?”

“Did you expect me sooner? Had you not agreed with Hampstead and your father that I was not to come?”

“Never mind. You are here now. Poor papa, you know, is very ill. Perhaps I may have to go down there. John is there now.”

“Is he so ill as that?”

“John went last night. We do not quite know how ill he is. He does not write, and we doubt whether we get at the truth. I was very nearly going with him; and then, sir, you would not have seen me—at all.”

“Another month, another six months, another year, would have made no difference in my assurance of your truth to me.”

“That is a very pretty speech for you to make.”

“Nor I think in yours for me.”

“I am bound, of course, to be just as pretty as you are. But why have you come now? You shouldn't have come when John had left me all alone.”

“I did not know that you were here alone.”

“Or you would not have come, perhaps? But you should not have come. Why did you not ask before you came?”

“Because I should have been refused. It would have been refused; would it not?”

“Certainly it would.”

“But as I wish to see you specially——”

“Why specially? I have wanted to see you always. Every day has been a special want. It should have been so with you also had you been as true as I am. There should have been no special times.”

“But I am going——”

“Going! Where are you going? Not for always! You are leaving Holloway, you mean, or the Post Office.” Then he explained to her that as far as he knew the journey would not be for long. He was not leaving his office, but had permission to absent himself for a time, so that he might travel with his mother as far as Milan. “Nay,” said he laughing, “why I am to do so I do not in the least know. My mother has some great Italian mystery of which she has never yet revealed to me any of the circumstances. All I know is that I was born in Italy.”

“You are Italian?”

“I did not say that. There is an old saying that you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. Nor do I quite know that I was born in Italy, though I feel sure of it. Of my father I have never known anything,—except that he was certainly a bad husband to my mother. There are circumstances which do make me almost sure that I was born in Italy; but as my mother has been unwilling to talk to me of my earliest days, I have never chosen to ask her. Now I shall perhaps know it all.”

Of what else passed between them the reader need learn no details. To her the day was one of exceeding joy. A lover in China, or waging wars in Zululand or elsewhere among the distant regions, is a misfortune. A lover ought to be at hand, ready at the moment, to be kissed or scolded, to wait upon you, or, so much sweeter still, to be waited upon, just as the occasion may serve. But the lover in China is better than one in the next street or the next parish,—or only a few miles off by railway,—whom you may not see. The heart recognises the necessity occasioned by distance with a sweet softness of tender regrets, but is hardened by mutiny, or crushed by despair in reference to stern parents or unsuitable pecuniary circumstances. Lady Frances had been enduring the sternness of parents, and had been unhappy. Now there had come a break. She had seen what he was like, and had heard his voice, and been reassured by his vows, and had enjoyed the longed-for opportunity of repeating her own. “Nothing, nothing, nothing can change me!” How was he to be sure of that while she had no

opportunity of telling him that it was so? “No time;—nothing that papa can say, nothing that John can do, will have any effect. As to Lady Kingsbury, of course you know that she has thrown me off altogether.” It was nothing to him, he said, who might have thrown her off. Having her promise, he could bide his time. Not but that he was impatient;—but that he knew that when so much was to be given to him at last, it behoved him to endure all things rather than to be faint of heart. And so they parted.

She, however, in spite of her joy, had a trouble at her heart when he was gone. She had declared to her brother that she was bound by no promise as to seeing or not seeing her lover, but yet she was aware how much she owed to him, and that, though she had not promised, he had made a promise on her behalf, to her father. But for that promise she would never have been allowed to be at Hendon Hall. His brother had made all his arrangements so as to provide for her a home in which she might be free from the annoyances inflicted on her by her stepmother; but had done so almost with a provision that she should not see George Roden. She certainly had done nothing herself to infringe that stipulation; but George Roden had come, and she had seen him. She might have refused him admittance, no doubt; but then again she thought that it would have been impossible to do so. How could she have told the man to deny her, thus professing her indifference for him in regard to whom she had so often declared that she was anxious that all the world should know that they were engaged to marry each other? It would have been impossible for her not to see him; and yet she felt that she had been treacherous to her brother, to whom she owed so much!

One thing seemed to her to be absolutely necessary. She must write at once and tell him what had occurred. Thinking of this she sat down and wrote so that she might despatch her letter by that post;—and what she wrote is here given.

“MY DEAR JOHN,—

“I shall be so anxious to get news from Trafford, and to hear how you found papa. I cannot but think that were he very ill somebody would have let us know the truth. Though Mr. Greenwood is cross-grained and impertinent, he would hardly have kept us in the dark.

“Now I have a piece of news to tell you which I hope will not make you very angry. It was not my doing, and I do not know how I could have helped it. Your friend, George Roden, called today and asked to see me. Of course I could have refused. He was in the hall when Richard announced him, and I suppose I could have sent out word to say that I was not at home. But I think you will feel that that was in truth impossible. How is one to tell a lie to a man when one feels towards him as I do about George? Or how could I even let the servants think that I would treat him so badly? Of course every one knows about it. I want every one to know about it, so that it may be understood that I am not in the least ashamed of what I mean to do.

“And when you hear why he came I do not think that you can be angry even with him. He has been called upon, for some reason, to go at once with his mother to Italy. They start for Milan tomorrow, and he does not at all know when he may return. He had to get leave at the Post Office, but that Sir Boreas whom he talks about seems to have been very good-natured about giving it. He asked him whether he would not take Mr. Crocker with him to Italy; but that of course was a joke. I suppose they do not like Mr. Crocker at the Post Office any better than you do. Why Mrs. Roden should have to go he does not understand. All he knows is that there is some Italian secret which he will hear all about before he comes home.

“Now I really do think that you cannot be surprised that he should have come to see me when he is going to take such a journey as that. What should I have thought if I had heard that he had gone without saying a word to me about it? Don't you think that that would have been most unnatural? I should have almost broken my heart when I heard that he had started.

“I do hope, therefore, that you will not be angry with either of us. But yet I feel that I may have brought you into trouble with papa. I do not care in the least for Lady Kingsbury, who has no right to interfere in the matter at all. After her conduct everything I think is over between us. But I shall be indeed sorry if papa is vexed; and shall feel it very much if he says anything to you after all your great kindness to me.

“Your affectionate sister, ‘FANNY.’

“I have done one other thing to-day,” said George Roden, when he was explaining to his mother on Thursday evening all the preparations he had made for their journey.

“What other thing?” she asked, guessing accurately, however, the nature of the thing of which he was about to speak.

“I have seen Lady Frances.”

“I thought it probable that you might endeavour to do so.”

“I have done more than endeavour on this occasion. I went down to Hendon Hall, and was shown into the drawing-room. I am sorry for Hampstead's sake, but it was impossible for me not to do so.”

“Why sorry for his sake?” she asked.

“Because he had pledged himself to his father that I should not do so. He clearly had no right to make such a pledge. I could not bind myself to an assurance by keeping which I might seem to show myself to be indifferent. A girl may bind herself by such a promise, but hardly a man. Had I made the promise I almost think I must have broken it. I did not make it, and therefore I have no sin to confess. But I fear I shall have done him a mischief with his father.”

“And what did she say, George?”

“Oh; just the old story, mother, I suppose. What she said was what I knew just as well before I went there. But yet it was necessary that I should hear what she had to say;—and as necessary I think that she should hear me.”

“Quite as necessary, I am sure,” said his mother kissing his forehead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. GREENWOOD'S FEELINGS

ON that Wednesday night Mr. Greenwood did not sleep much. It may be doubted whether he once closed his eyes in slumber. He had indeed been saved from the performance of an act which now seemed to him to be so terrible that he could hardly believe that he had in truth contemplated it,—but yet he knew,—he knew that it for some hours had been the purpose of his mind to do it! He struggled to make himself believe that it had in truth been no more than a speculation, that there had been no formed purpose, that he had only amused himself by considering how he could do such a deed without detection, if the deed were to be done. He had simply been thinking over the blunders of others, the blindness of men who had so bungled in their business as to have left easy traces for the eyes and intelligence of the world outside, and had been assuring himself how much better he could manage if the necessity of such an operation were to come upon him. That was all. No doubt he hated Lord Hampstead,—and had cause to do so. It was thus that he argued with himself. But his hatred had surely not carried him to the intention of murder!

There could have been no question of real murder; for why should he have troubled himself either with the danger or with the

load which it would certainly have imposed on his conscience? Much as he hated Lord Hampstead it was no business of his. It was that Lady Macbeth upstairs, the mother of the darlings, who had really thought of murder. It was she who had spoken openly of her great desire that Lord Hampstead should cease to live. Had there been any real question of murder it would have been for her to meditate, for her to think, for her to plot;—surely not for him! Certainly, certainly he had contemplated no such deed as that, with the object of obtaining for the comfort of his old age the enjoyment of the living of Applescombe! He told himself now that had he in truth committed such a crime, had he carried out the plot which had formed itself in his brain only as a matter of speculation, though he might not have been detected, yet he would have been suspected; and suspicion would have been as destructive to his hopes as detection. Of course all that had been clear enough to him throughout his machinations; and therefore how could he really have intended it? He had not intended it. It had only been one of those castles in the air which the old build as well as the young,—which are no more than the “airy fabrics” of the brain!

It was thus he struggled to drive from his mind and from his eyes the phantom of the terrible deed. But that he did not succeed was made evident to himself by the hot clammy drops of sweat which came out upon his brow, by his wakefulness throughout the livelong night, by the carefulness with which his ears watched for the sound of the young man's coming, as though it were necessary that he should be made assured that the murder had in truth not been done. Before that hour had come he found himself to be shaking even in his bed; to be drawing the clothes around him to dispel the icy cold, though the sweat did still stand upon his brow; to be hiding his eyes under the bed clothes in order that he might not see something which seemed to be visible to him through the utmost darkness of the chamber. At any rate he had done nothing! Let his thoughts have been what they might, he had soiled neither his hands nor his conscience. Though everything that he had ever done or ever thought were known, he was free from all actual crime. She had talked of death and thought of murder. He had only echoed her words and her thoughts, meaning nothing,—as a man is bound to do to a woman. Why then could he not sleep? Why should he be hot and shiver with cold by turns? Why should horrid phantoms perplex him in the dark? He was sure he had never meant it. What must be the agony of those who do mean, of those who do execute, if such punishment as this were awarded to one who had done no more than build a horrid castle in the air? Did she sleep;—he wondered,—she who had certainly done more than build a castle in the air; she who had wished and longed, and had a reason for her wishing and her longing?

At last he heard a footfall on the road, which passed but some few yards distant from his window, a quick, cheery, almost running footfall, a step full of youth and life, sounding crisp on the hard frozen ground; and he knew that the young man whom he hated had come. Though he had never thought of murdering him,—as he told himself,—yet he hated him. And then his thoughts, although in opposition to his own wishes,—which were intent upon sleep, if sleep would only come to him,—ran away to the building of other castles. How would it have been now, now at this moment, if that plan, which he had never really intended to carry out, which had only been a speculation, had been a true plan and been truly executed? How would it have been with them all now at Trafford Park? The Marchioness would have been at any rate altogether satisfied;—but what comfort would there have been in that to him? Lord Frederic would have been the heir to a grand title and to vast estates;—but how would he have been the better for that? The old lord who was lying there so sick in the next room might probably have sunk into his grave with a broken heart. The Marquis had of late been harsh to him; but there did come to him an idea at the present moment that he had for thirty years eaten the sick man's bread. And the young man would have been sent without a moment's notice to meet his final doom! Of what nature that might have been, the wretched man lying there did not dare even to make a picture in his imagination. It was a matter which he had sedulously and successfully dismissed from all his thoughts. It was of the body lying out there in the cold, not of the journey which the winged soul might make, that he unwillingly drew a picture to himself. He conceived how he himself, in the prosecution of the plan which he had formed, would have been forced to have awakened the house, and to tell of the deed, and to assist in carrying the body to what resting-place might have been found for it. There he would have had to enact a part of which he had, a few hours since, told himself that he would be capable, but in attempting which he was now sure that he would have succumbed to the difficulties of the struggle. Who would have broken the news to the father? Who would have attempted to speak the first word of vain consolation? Who would have flown to the lady's door upstairs and have informed her that death was in the house—and have given her to understand that the eldest of her darlings was the heir? It would have been for him to do it all; for him with a spirit weighed down to the ground by that terrible burden with which the doing of such a deed would have loaded it. He would certainly have revealed himself in the struggle!

But why should he allow his mind to be perplexed with such thoughts? No such deed had been done. There had been no murder. The young man was there now in the house, lighthearted after his walk; full of life and youthful energy. Why should he be troubled with such waking dreams as these? Must it be so with him always, for the rest of his life, only because he had considered how a thing might best be done? He heard a footprint in a distant passage, and a door closed, and then again all was silent. Was there not cause to him for joy in the young man's presence? If his speculations had been wicked, was there not time to turn for repentance,—for repentance, though there was so little for which repentance were needed? Nevertheless the night was to him so long, and the misery connected with the Trafford name so great, that he told himself that he would quit the place as soon as possible. He would take whatever money were offered to him and go. How would it have been with him had he really done the deed, when he found himself unable to sleep in the house in which he would not quite admit to himself that he had even contemplated it?

On the next morning his breakfast was brought to him in his own room, and he inquired from the servant after Lord Hampstead and his purposes. The servant thought that his lordship meant to remain on that day and the next. So he had heard Harris, the butler say. His lordship was to see his father at eleven o'clock that morning. The household bulletin respecting the Marquis had that morning been rather more favourable than usual. The Marchioness had not yet been seen. The doctor would probably be there by twelve. This was the news which Mr. Greenwood got from the servant who waited upon him. Could he not escape from the house during the period that the young lord would be there, without seeing the young lord? The young lord was hateful to him,—more hateful than ever. He would, if possible, get himself carried into Shrewsbury, and remain there on some excuse of visiting a friend till the young lord should have returned to London. He could not tell himself why, but he felt that the sight of the young lord would be oppressive to him.

But in this he was prevented by an intimation that was given to him early in the day, before he had made preparations for his going, that Lord Hampstead wished to see him, and would wait upon him in his own room. The Marquis had expressed himself grateful to his son for coming, but did not wish to detain him at Trafford. “Of course it is very dull for you, and I think I am better.”

“I am so glad of that;—but if you think that I am of any

comfort to you I shall be delighted to stay. I suppose Fanny would come down if I remain here."

Then the Marquis shook his head. Fanny, he thought, had better be away. "The Marchioness and Fanny would not be happy in the house together,—unless, indeed she has given up that young man." Hampstead could not say that she had given up the young man. "I do hope she never sees him," said the Marquis. Then his son assured him that the two had never met since Fanny had gone to Hendon Hall. And he was rash enough to assure his father that there would be no such meeting while his sister was his guest. At that moment George Roden was standing in the drawing-room at Hendon Hall with Lady Frances in his arms.

After that there arose a conversation between the father and son as to Mr. Greenwood. The Marquis was very desirous that the man who had become so objectionable to him should quit the house. "The truth is," said the Marquis, "that it is he who makes all the mischief between me and your stepmother. It is he that makes me ill. I have no comfort while he is here, making plots against me." If they two had only known the plot which had been made! Hampstead thought it reasonable that the man should be sent away, if only because his presence was disagreeable. Why should a man be kept in the house simply to produce annoyance? But there must be the question of compensation. He did not think that £1,000 was sufficient. Then the Marquis was unusually difficult of persuasion in regard to money. Hampstead thought that an annuity of £300 a year should be settled on the poor clergyman. The Marquis would not hear of it. The man had not performed even the slight duties which had been required of him. The books had not even been catalogued. To bribe a man, such as that, by £300 a year for making himself disagreeable would be intolerable. The Marquis had never promised him anything. He ought to have saved his money. At last the father and son came to terms, and Hampstead sent to prepare meeting with the chaplain.

Mr. Greenwood was standing in the middle of the room when Lord Hampstead entered it, rubbing his fat hands together. Hampstead saw no difference in the man since their last meeting, but there was a difference. Mr. Greenwood's manner was at first more submissive, as though he were afraid of his visitor; but before the interview was over he had recovered his audacity. "My father has wished me to see you," said Hampstead. Mr. Greenwood went on rubbing his hands, still standing in the middle of the room. "He seems to think it better that you should leave him."

"I don't know why he should think it better;—but, of course, I will go if he bids me." Mr. Greenwood had quite made up his mind that it would be better for him also that he should go.

"There will be no good in going into that. I think we might as well sit down, Mr. Greenwood." They did sit down, the chaplain as usual perching himself on the edge of a chair, "You have been here a great many years."

"A great many, Lord Hampstead;—nearly all my life;—before you were born, Lord Hampstead." Then as he sat gazing there came before his eyes the phantom of Lord Hampstead being carried into the house as a corpse while he himself was struggling beneath a portion of the weight.

"Just so; and though the Marquis cannot admit that there is any claim upon him—"

"No claim, Lord Hampstead!"

"Certainly no claim. Yet he is quite willing to do something in acknowledgment of the long connection. His lordship thinks that an annuity of £200 a year—." Mr. Greenwood shook his head, as though he would say that that certainly would not satisfy him. Hampstead had been eager to secure the full £300 for the wretched, useless man, but the Marquis had declared that he would not burden the estate with a charge so unnecessarily large. "I say," continued Hampstead, frowning, "that his lordship has desired me to say that you shall receive during your life an annuity of £200." It certainly was the fact that Lord Hampstead could frown when he was displeased, and that at such moments he would assume a look of aristocratic impatience which was at variance with his professed political theories. Mr. Greenwood again shook his head. "I do not think that I need say anything farther," continued the young lord. "That is my father's decision. He presumes that you would prefer the annuity to the immediate payment of a thousand pounds." Here the shaking of the head became more violent. "I have only in addition to ask you when it will suit you to leave Trafford Park." Lord Hampstead, when he had left his father, had determined to use his blandest manner in communicating these tidings to the chaplain. But Mr. Greenwood was odious to him. The way in which the man stood on the floor and rubbed his hands together, and sat on the edge of his chair, and shook his head without speaking a word, were disgusting to him. If the man had declared boldly his own view of what was due to him, Hampstead would have endeavoured to be gracious to him. As it was he was anything but gracious, as he asked the chaplain to name the day on which he would be prepared to leave the house.

"You mean to say that I am to be—turned out."

"It is some months since you were told that my father no longer required your services."

"I am to be turned out,—like a dog,—after thirty years!"

"I cannot contradict you when you say so, but I must ask you to name a day. It is not as though the suggestion were now made to you for the first time." Mr. Greenwood got up from the edge of the chair, and again stood in the middle of the room. Lord Hampstead felt himself constrained also to stand. "Have you any answer to make to me?"

"No; I have not," said the chaplain.

"You mean that you have not fixed upon a day?" *

"I shan't go with £200 a year," said the chaplain. "It's unreasonable; it's brutal!"

"Brutal!" shouted Lord Hampstead.

"I shan't stir till I've seen the Marquis himself. It's out of the question that he should turn me out in this way. How am I to live upon £200 a year? I always understood that I was to have Applescombe."

"No such promise was ever made to you," said Lord Hampstead, very angrily. "No hint of such a thing has ever been made except by yourself."

"I always understood it," said Mr. Greenwood. "And I shall not leave this till I've had an opportunity of discussing the matter with the Marquis himself. I don't think the Marquis would ever have treated me in this way,—only for you, Lord Hampstead."

This was intolerable. What was he to do with the abominable man? It would be very disagreeable, the task of turning him out while the Marquis was still so ill, and yet it was not to be endured that such a man should be allowed to hold his position in the house in opposition to the will of the owner. It was, he felt, beneath him to defend himself against the charge made,—or even to defend his father. "If you will not name a day, I must," said the young lord. The man remained immovable on his seat except that he continued to rub his hands. "As I can get no answer I shall have to instruct Mr. Roberts that you cannot be allowed to remain here after the last day of the month. If you have any feeling left to you you will not impose upon us so unpleasant a duty while my father is ill." With this he left the room while Mr. Greenwood was still standing and rubbing his hands.

£200 a year! He had better go and take it. He was quite aware of that. But how was he live upon £200,—he who had bedded and boarded all his life at the expense of another man, and had also spent £300? But at the moment this was not the thought uppermost in his mind. Would it not have been better that he

should have carried out that project of his? Only that he had been merciful this young lord would not have been able to scorn him and ill-treat him as he had done. There were no phantoms now. Now he thought that he could have carried his share of the corpse into the house without flinching

CHAPTER XXXVII. "THAT WOULD BE DISAGREEABLE"

THINGS at Trafford on that day and on the next were very uncomfortable. No house could possibly be more so. There were four persons who, in the natural course of things, would have lived together, not one of whom would sit down to table with any other. The condition of the Marquis, of course, made it impossible that he should do so. He was confined to his room, in which he would not admit Mr. Greenwood to come near him, and where his wife's short visits did not seem to give him much satisfaction. Even with his son he was hardly at his ease, seeming to prefer the society of the nurse, with occasional visits from the doctor and Mr. Roberts. The Marchioness confined herself to her own room, in which it was her intention to prevent the inroads of Mr. Greenwood as far as it might be possible. That she should be able to exclude him altogether was more than she could hope, but much, she thought, could be done by the dint of headaches, and by a resolution never to take her food down stairs. Lord Hampstead had declared his purpose to Harris, as well as to his father, never again to sit down to table with Mr. Greenwood. "Where does he dine?" he asked the butler. "Generally in the family dining-room, my lord," said Harris. "Then give me my dinner in the breakfast parlour." "Yes, my lord," said the butler, who at once resolved to regard Mr. Greenwood as an enemy of the family. In this matter Mr. Greenwood gave no trouble, as he had his meat sent to him in his own sitting-room. But all this made the house very uncomfortable.

In the afternoon Mr. Roberts came over from Shrewsbury, and saw Lord Hampstead. "I knew he would make himself disagreeable, my lord," said Mr. Roberts.

"How did you know it?"

"Things creep out. He had made himself disagreeable to his lordship for some months past; and then we heard that he was talking of Applescombe as though he were certain to be sent there."

"My father never thought of it."

"I didn't think he did. Mr. Greenwood is the idlest human being that ever lived, and how could he have performed the duties of a parish?"

"He asked my father once, and my father flatly refused him."

"Perhaps her ladyship—," suggested Mr. Roberts, with some hesitation.

"At any rate he is not to have Applescombe, and he must be made to go. How is it to be done?" Mr. Roberts raised his eyebrows. "I suppose there must be some means of turning an objectionable resident out of a house."

"The police, of course, could carry him out,—with a magistrate's order. He would have to be treated like any other vagrant."

"That would be disagreeable."

"Very disagreeable, my lord," said Mr. Roberts. "My lord should be saved from that if possible."

"How if we gave him nothing to eat?" said Lord Hampstead.

"That would be possible; but it would be troublesome. What if he resolved to remain and be starved? It would be seeing which would hold out the longer. I don't think my lord would have the heart to keep him twenty-four hours without food. We must try and save my lord from the disagreeable as much as we can." Lord Hampstead was in accord as to this, but did not quite see his way how to effect it. There were still, however, more than three weeks to run before the day fixed for the chaplain's exit, and Mr. Roberts suggested that it might in that time be fully brought home to the man that his £200 a year would depend on his going. "Perhaps you'd better leave him to me, my lord," said Mr. Roberts; "and I shall deal with him better when you're not here."

When the time came for afternoon tea Mr. Greenwood, perceiving that no invitation came to him from the Marchioness, sent a note up to her asking for the favour of an interview. "He had a few words to say, and would be much obliged to her if she would allow him to come to her." On receiving this she pondered for some time before she could make up her mind as to what answer she should give. She would have been most anxious to do as she had already heard that Lord Hampstead had done, and decline to meet him at all. She could not analyse her own feelings about the man, but had come during the last few days to hold him in horror. It was as though something of the spirit of the murderer had shown itself to her in her eyes. She had talked glibly, wickedly, horribly of the death of the man who had seemed to stand in her way. She had certainly wished for it. She had taught herself to think, by some ultra-feminine lack of logic, that she had really been injured in that her own eldest boy had not been born heir to his father's titles. She had found it necessary to have some recipient for her griefs. Her own sister, Lady Persiflage, had given her no comfort, and then she had sought for and had received encouragement from her husband's chaplain. But in talking of Lord Hampstead's death she had formed no plan. She had only declared in strong language that if, by the hand of Providence, such a thing should be done, it would be to her a happy chance. She had spoken out where another more prudent than she would perhaps only have wished. But this man had taken up her words with an apparently serious purpose which had frightened her; and then, as though he had been the recipient of some guilty secret, he had laid aside the respect which had been usual to him, and had assumed a familiarity of co-partnership which had annoyed and perplexed her. She did not quite understand it all, but was conscious of a strong desire to be rid of him. But she did not dare quite as yet to let him know that such was her purpose, and she therefore sent her maid down to him with a message. "Mr. Greenwood wants to see me," she said to the woman. "Will you tell him with my compliments that I am not very well, and that I must beg him not to stay long."

"Lord Hampstead has been a quarrelling with Mr. Greenwood, my lady,—this very morning," said the maid.

"Quarrelling, Walker?"

"Yes, my lady. There has been ever so much about it. My lord says as he won't sit down to dinner with Mr. Greenwood on no account, and Mr. Roberts has been here, all about it. He's to be turned away."

"Who is to be turned away?"

"Mr. Greenwood, my lady. Lord Hampstead has been about it all the morning. It's for that my lord the Marquis has sent for him, and nobody's to speak to him till he's packed up everything, and taken himself right away out of the house."

"Who has told you all that, Walker?" Walker, however, would not betray her informant. She answered that it was being talked of by everybody downstairs, and she repeated it now only because she thought it proper that "my lady" should be informed of what was going on. "My lady" was not sorry to have received the information even from her maid, as it might assist her in her conversation with the chaplain.

On this occasion Mr. Greenwood sat down without being asked. "I am sorry to hear that you are so unwell, Lady Kingsbury."

"I have got one of my usual headaches;—only it's rather worse than usual."

"I have something to say which I am sure you will not be surprised that I should wish to tell you. I have been grossly insulted by Lord Hampstead."

"What can I do?"

"Well;—something ought to be done."

"I cannot make myself answerable for Lord Hampstead, Mr. Greenwood."

"No; of course not. He is a young man for whom no one would make himself answerable. He is headstrong, violent, and most uncourteous. He has told me very rudely that I must leave the house by the end of the month."

"I suppose the Marquis had told him."

"I don't believe it. Of course the Marquis is ill, and I could bear much from him. But I won't put up with it from Lord Hampstead."

"What can I do?"

"Well;—after what has passed between us, Lady Kingsbury,—" He paused, and looked at her as he made this appeal. She compressed her lips and collected herself, and prepared for the fight which she felt was coming. He saw it all, and prepared himself also. "After what has passed between us, Lady Kingsbury," he said, repeating his words, "I think you ought to be on my side."

"I don't think anything of the kind. I don't know what you mean about sides. If the Marquis says you're to go, I can't keep you."

"I'll tell you what I've done, Lady Kingsbury. I have refused to stir out of this house till I've been allowed to discuss the matter with his lordship; and I think you ought to give me your countenance. I'm sure I've always been true to you. When you have unb burdened your troubles to my ears I have always been sympathetic. When you have told me what a trouble this young man has been to you, have not I always,—always,—always taken your part against him?" He almost longed to tell her that he had formed a plan for ridding her altogether of the obnoxious young man; but he could not find the words in which to do this. "Of course I have felt that I might depend upon you for assistance and countenance in this house."

"Mr. Greenwood," she said, "I really cannot talk to you about these things. My head is aching very badly, and I must ask you to go."

"And that is to be all?"

"Don't you hear me tell you that I cannot interfere?" Still he kept that horrid position of his upon the chair, staring at her with his large, open, lustreless eyes. "Mr. Greenwood, I must ask you to leave me. As a gentleman you must comply with my request."

"Oh," he said; "very well! Then I am to know that after thirty years' faithful service all the family has turned against me. I shall take care—" But he paused, remembering that were he to speak a word too much, he might put in jeopardy the annuity which had been promised him; and at last he left the room.

Of Mr. Greenwood no one saw anything more that day, nor did Lord Hampstead encounter him again before he returned to London. Hampstead had arranged to stay at Trafford during the following day, and then to return to London, again using the night mail train. But on the next morning a new trouble fell upon him. He received his sister's letter, and learned that George Roden had been with her at Hendon Hall. He had certainly pledged himself that there should be no such meeting, and had foolishly renewed this pledge only yesterday. When he read the letter he was vexed, chiefly with himself. The arguments which she had used as to Roden's coming, and also those by which she had excused herself for receiving him, did seem to him to be reasonable. When the man was going on such a journey it was natural that he should wish to see the girl he loved; and natural that she should wish to see him. And he was well aware that neither of them had pledged themselves. It was he only who had given a pledge, and that as to the conduct of others who had refused to support him in it. Now his pledge had been broken, and he felt himself called upon to tell his father of what had occurred. "After all that I told you yesterday," he said, "George Roden and Fanny have met each other." Then he attempted to make the best excuse he could for this breach of the promise which he had made.

"What's the good?" said the Marquis. "They can't marry each other. I wouldn't give her a shilling if she were to do such a thing without my sanction." Hampstead knew very well that, in spite of this, his father had made by his will ample provision for his sister, and that it was very improbable that any alteration in this respect would be made, let his sister's disobedience be what it might. But the Marquis seemed hardly to be so much affected, as he had expected, by these tidings. "Whatever you do," said the Marquis, "don't let her ladyship know it. She would be sure to come down to me and say it was all my fault; and then she would tell me what Mr. Greenwood thought about it." The poor man did not know how little likely it was that she would ever again throw Mr. Greenwood in his teeth.

Lord Hampstead had not as yet even seen his stepmother, but had thought it no more than decent to send her word that he would wait upon her before he left the house. All domestic troubles he knew to be bad. For his father's sake, and for that of his sister and little brothers, he would avoid as far as might be possible any open rupture. He therefore went to the Marchioness before he ate his dinner. "My father is much better," he said; but his stepmother only shook her head, so that there was before him the task of recommencing the conversation. "Dr. Spicer says so."

"I am not sure that Mr. Spicer knows much about it."

"He thinks so himself."

"He never tells me what he thinks. He hardly tells me anything."

"He is not strong enough for much talking."

"He will talk to Mr. Roberts by the hour together. So I hear that I am to congratulate you." This she said in a tone which was clearly intended to signify both condemnation and ridicule.

"I am not aware of it," said Hampstead, with a smile.

"I suppose it is true about the Quaker lady?"

"I can hardly tell you, not knowing what you may have heard. There can be no room for congratulation, as the lady has not accepted the offer I have made her." The Marchioness laughed incredulously,—with a little affected laugh in which the incredulity was sincere.—"I can only tell you that it is so."

"No doubt you will try again?"

"No doubt."

"Young ladies in such circumstances are not apt to persevere in their severity. Perhaps it may be supposed that she will give way at last."

"I cannot take upon myself to answer that, Lady Kingsbury. The matter is one on which I am not particularly anxious to talk. Only as you asked me I thought it best just to tell you the facts."

"I am sure I am ever so much obliged to you. The young lady's father is—"

"The young lady's father is a clerk in a merchant's office in the City."

"So I understand,—and a Quaker?"

"And a Quaker."

"And I believe he lives at Holloway."

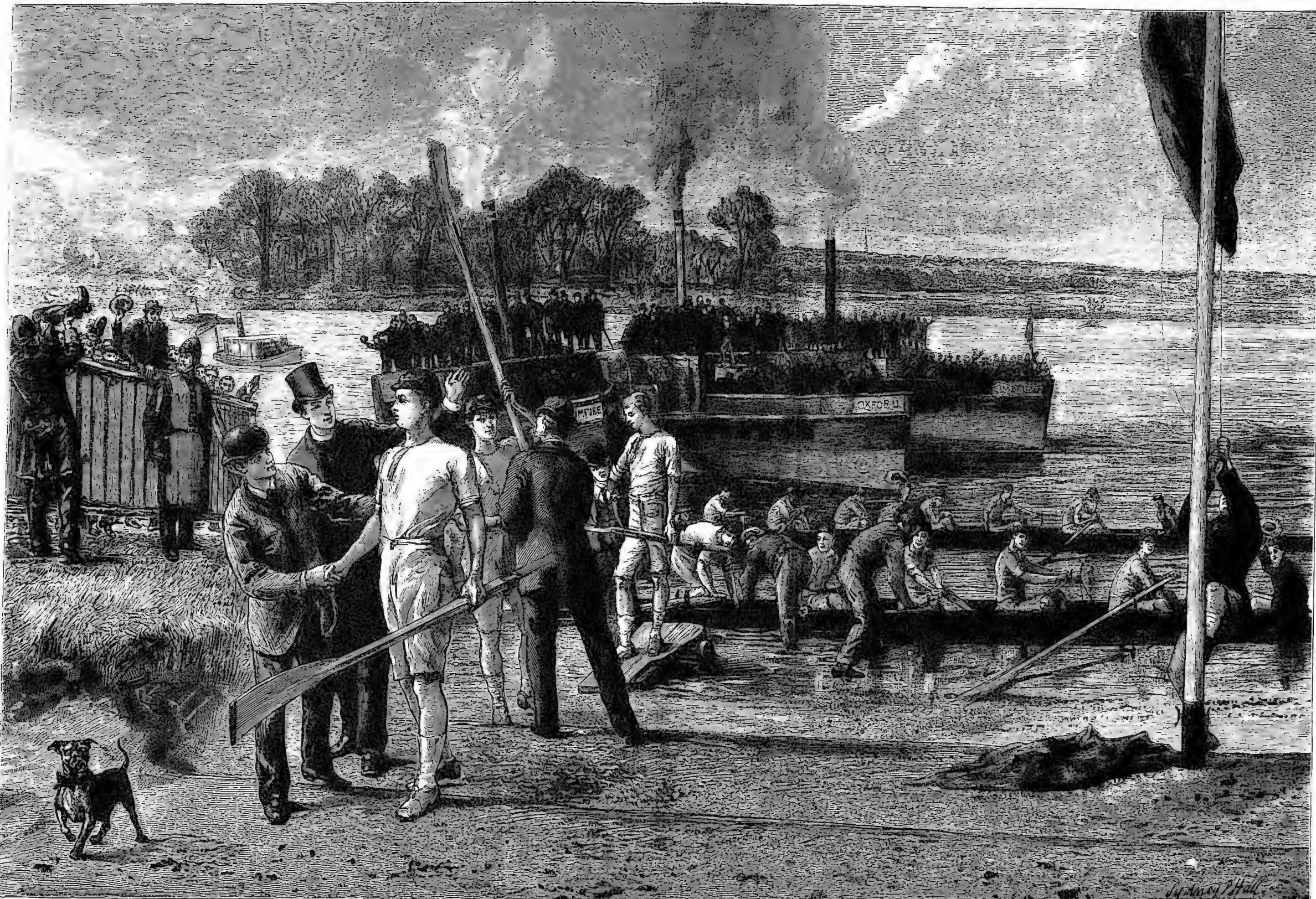
"Just so."

"In the same street with that young man whom Fanny has—has chosen to pick up."

"Marion Fay and her father live at No. 17, Paradise Row, Holloway; and Mrs. Roden and George Roden live at No. 10."

"Exactly. We may understand, therefore, how you became acquainted with Miss Fay."

"I don't think you can. But if you wish to know I will tell you that I first saw Miss Fay at Mrs. Roden's house."



"VICTORY!"

A SKETCH AT AN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE

Sydney P. Hall

"I supposed so."

Hampstead had begun this interview with perfect good humour; but there had gradually been growing upon him that tone of defiance which her little speeches to him had naturally produced. Scorn would always produce scorn in him, as would ridicule and satire produce the same in return. "I do not know why you should have supposed so, but such was the fact. Neither had George Roden or my sister anything to do with it. Miss Fay is a friend of Mrs. Roden, and Mrs. Roden introduced me to the young lady."

"I am sure we are all very much obliged to her."

"I am, at any rate,—or shall be if I succeed at last."

"Poor fellow! It will be very piteous if you too are thwarted in love."

"I'll say good-bye, my lady," said he, getting up to leave her.

"You have told me nothing of Fanny."

"I do not know that I have anything to tell."

"Perhaps she also will be jilted."

"I should hardly think so."

"Because, as you tell me, she is not allowed to see him." There was a thorough disbelief expressed in this which annoyed him. It was as though she had expressed her opinion that the lovers were encouraged to meet daily in spite of the pledge which had been given. And then the pledge had been broken; and there would be a positive lie on his part if he were now to leave her with the idea that they had not met. "You must find it hard to keep them apart, as they are so near."

"I have found it too hard, at any rate."

"Oh, you have?"

"They did meet yesterday."

"Oh, they did. Directly your back was turned?"

"He was going abroad, and he came; and she has written to tell me of it. I say nothing of myself, Lady Kingsbury; but I do not think you can understand how true she can be,—and he also."

"That is your idea of truth."

"That is my idea of truth, Lady Kingsbury; which, as I said before, I am afraid I cannot explain to you. I have never meant to deceive you; nor have they."

"I thought a promise was a promise," she said. Then he left her, condescending to make no further reply. On that night he went back to London, with a sad feeling at his heart that his journey down to Trafford had done no good to any one. He had, however, escaped a danger of which he had known nothing.

(To be continued)



MANY of our West End and other influential tradesmen have heartily taken up the cause of our languishing British manufacture, and, to judge from what we have seen in our *Fashion tourne* for this month, they will have no reason to repent of their generosity. At one well-known house we were shown such magnificent specimens of English manufacture as proved that, if the patrons be found, the supply will equal the demand, and the makers be ready to cope with any foreign rivals. From Manchester were some admirable specimens of English Surah, in every fashionable shade and colour; especially pretty were the delicate shades of cream, reseda, terra-cotta, and tea rose, for evening, day fêtes, and other dress toilettes. Our British matrons will be pleased to learn that from thence also come some very beautiful English moiré antiques, a material which has again been revived, and, although costly in itself, is not extravagant, as it not only requires no elaborate trimming, but wears well, and looks well to the end. From Spitalfields comes English *poult de soie* and *merveilleux* silk, (why not, by the way, give these productions English names?)—quite as good in quality and make as their French rivals. This same firm has had an English cashmere made specially at Bradford, which so closely resembles its Indian namesake in texture, and even to the dark hairs running through it, that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. A sapphire green is a very becoming colour to all complexions, whilst a trifle more trying, but very pleasing, are a variety of stones, greys, and drabs which will be much worn this spring. Another speciality from thence for this spring is the zephyr lawn, which is made with trimmings of the same material, embroidered in white silk, with a lace-like pattern; the shades in buff, grey, pink, blue, and green, are very delicate, and suitable for breakfast dresses, as are also the British satins, with graceful floral designs in a number of colours. At another house we saw some French satins, in a variety of quaint designs, to be worn combined with plain colours. "The Lattice" and "The Cameo" are effective, also "The Butterfly" and "The Snail's Shell," with leaves; but a design which represents equestrians, male and female, in the hunting field is more striking than elegant. A very pretty design has the effect of white lace sprays upon a dark blue ground, with tiny pink rosebuds intermixed; the same in brown with a chintz pattern.—Irish poplins will be much worn this season. The Armure poplin is made in stripes, and will be used for mantles as well as dresses. The "poplin *merveilleux*" is double-faced, a very rich material. But the richest of all is the Imperial poplin, than which nothing can be more elegant in cream white for a bride, trimmed with Innish Macsaint lace, and old Irish point, which much resembles Spanish point; the Irish claim the former to be the original from whence the latter was copied, many years ago, when the Spaniards settled in Ireland. This lace is not generally known, as it is very expensive, but will last through many a lifetime.—The new sunshades are made very large this season, and are an expensive item of the toilette. We saw some which were very stylish; they were of black satin, painted in oils, with a variety of floral sprays, by lady artists. Most effective was a design of blue flags, another in water-lilies, a third with large crimson roses; the work was most artistically executed; the handles were carved in wood after Japanese designs. There were also richly-embossed black silk and satin, with open-worked borders, lined with a colour; others were covered with frills of black or white lace; in fact, there is a great scope for artistic decorations even in a sunshade.—Ladies' tailors are very busy preparing boating and yachting costumes. We were recently shown a very natty little pea-jacket, quite a masculine cut, with a due amount of pockets large and small, made of fine blue serge: a sailor-shaped hat to match; these might be worn with any dress, but there was a costume to go with them which was very stylishly made, and trimmed with black braid. We must enter a protest against wearing a crinoline, or even a crinolite, with these semi-masculine costumes, thereby quite spoiling the set of the tailor-made garments. It is almost as absurd as wearing one with a riding-habit!—The Newmarket jackets and ulsters are still much worn in plain and fancy cloths; for the races, or for driving, box-cloth colour is the favourite, but checks and stripes are also in favour. A summer cloth coat to be worn over an ordinary dress is made cut away over the hips, double-breasted, to open at the back. The novel feature of this coat is a large collar, such as a dandy would have worn some fifty years ago.

The mantles for this month are, as a rule, very elaborately trimmed with lace, beaded gimp, fringe, and bows *ad libitum*; the materials in vogue are velvet, satin, or silk. Mantles have either real or simulated sleeves; long pelisses and short jackets are still in fashion—*vise* is the name given to most of the fashionable shapes. Very high and fussy ruffs of lace are worn, and look well on long thin necks; but for stout, short-necked people are most unbecoming.

For thin material numerous little flounces are popular. There is nothing very new in the style of making costumes, guaging, honey-combing, and draping are as much worn as they have been for many months; but indoors as well as outdoors there is a great tendency to over-trimming with expensive materials, which drives young people to cloth tailor-made costumes, and matrons to despair.

Now as to bonnets and hats. A great novelty has been introduced in Venice, by a glass manufacturer, in the shape of bonnets made from a glass cloth which will take any colour, is light, and not only very pretty, but is not affected by a shower of rain. *On dit* that he makes them by thousands, and sells them as soon as they are ready. We have not yet seen one of these glass head-dresses.

Years ago a fashionable milliner named Jane Clark introduced a bonnet which she called by her name, and everybody with the least claim to be called fashionable wore this shape, whether becoming or not. This shape has been revived, and renamed the Langtry. It is generally made of fine white or black twist straw. The model we saw was white, sparingly trimmed with sage-green ribbon, and a triple row of violets under the somewhat raised front, with one row only round the edge, and on the curtain. This shape is suitable for married people, and when made of flowers is really pretty for young girls. A far more stylish shape is the Mary Stewart, another revival; a very pretty model was made of brown beaded straw, brown beaded lace, and yellow flowers. Another was of black straw beaded in a moiré pattern, bronze-green straw with velvet pansies. A third was of brown straw, with a maize coloured ostrich-tip aigrette. The matador shape for hats is once more in fashion, and very becoming it is. A model in ruby-coloured shiny-straw, trimmed with folds of ruby velvet, and a salmon-pink ostrich-tip aigrette, which by the way is a remarkably pretty form of feather, very much took our fancy until it was eclipsed by the Lohengrin, which will surely be the shape of the season. In black straw with a scarlet ostrich feather on the outside on the right, and another *under* the brim on the left, it makes a moderately good-looking girl look pretty, and a pretty girl bewitching. For bridesmaids nothing could be prettier than this shape in cream satin, with feathers and tea-scented roses.



THERE are prophets who, like the Cumæan sibyl, commit their utterances to leaves,—to the columns of dailies, and the fugitive pages of magazines, where they may perhaps be read and appreciated; while none of those, with the fibre of whose minds they get assimilated, so much as asks, Who wrote it? Mr. Matthew Arnold is not one of these self-effacing seers. No word of his will, if he can help it, be read without every one knowing from whom it comes. No fugitive leaves for him; each is carefully treasured and arranged in a dainty volume. "Irish Essays and Others" (Devitt and Elder) is another of his reprints; but he will always bear reading twice; and here he has hit a blot in pointing out how all our laws about religion and education in Ireland uniformly disregard the feelings and wishes of the great mass of the people. Those who wonder why England and Ireland should be any more incompatible than France and Alsace may learn a good deal from the first of these essays, with its apposite quotations from too-much-forgotten Burke. Mr. Arnold would have "levelled up"; it is too late for that now. He would do a great deal for Irish secondary education, and for secondary education in England too. Government, he is sure, might with great advantage take this and the theatre also in hand. The liveliest thing in the book is the speech delivered at Eton, full of delicate yet pungent wit, and not forcing us, like the Irish essays, to think about doing something. We wonder if Mr. Arnold read Mr. Cant-Wall's letters in the *Standard* last autumn. They are now republished as "Ireland under the Land Act" (Chatto and Windus), and should be read by all who want to form a right judgment about the case between landlord and tenant. Mr. Wall brings out most strongly "the hopeless defect in the Act" in not making provision for dealing with arrears. Hence the opening of the Land Court was the signal for wholesale evictions, the poorer landlords taking the lead, the richer soon following, "the Lord Mayor's fund going to pay bailiffs and Emergency men." Mr. Wall examined a good many of the decisions of the Sub-commissioners, and says that in some cases he wholly fails to understand why reductions were made. On the other hand, the landlords very often defeated the Act of 1870 by a legal quibble. This is, indeed, what chiefly strikes the reader—the immense amount of money which all these Acts will put into the pockets of that already over-thriving class, the Irish lawyers. Mr. Wall is not at clear that the sudden suppression of the Land League was a wise measure; Mr. M'Gough, their lawyer, was perfectly honest in the test-cases which he brought forward. Of the outrages, he points out that the saddest feature is their being directed against men who were simply fulfilling their covenants. We are glad to have his testimony that "the areas of these disgraceful scenes are neither many nor extensive." They extend round certain counties which, like Old Pallas, had become lawless for reasons which are in most cases easily discoverable.

"Chap-Books of the 18th Century" (Chatto and Windus) is as pleasant reading as Mr. Wall's too true tale is the reverse. Mr. Asken knows his subject well, and gives us not only the quaint prose or verse and the still quainter cuts, but also all sorts of collateral information. Everybody has read John Barleycorn, but few know Burns's debt to the old version. Everybody has heard of Tom Hickathrift, but how many have read their Spelman, and are therefore prepared to identify him with *Hikifricus nescio quis* of Tilney in Marshland, in the County of Norfolk? Of Mother Shipton's prophecies only two, both referring to the past, are given; so that we are left in doubt as to what she said about the destruction of London. It is notable that while Taffy figures several times in Mr. Ashton's collection, there is nothing about either Sandy or Pat. Perhaps the author has limited his search too exclusively to the Dickeys and their Newcastle pirates. As it stands, however, his book is a delightful contribution to the history of literature. It proves that we are better than our fathers—and worse; for the "penny awfus" are as much below the chap-books as "Good Words" and "The Leisure Hour" are above them. The greatest change is, perhaps, in the jokes; such a very mild quality satisfied the masses in the last century.

Victor Hugo is one of those writers about whom it is impossible to be indifferent. Either you like him very much (though perhaps not quite so much as Mr. Swinburne does), or you feel towards him somewhat as the bulk of the English press did when *l'Homme* was lifting up his voice in Jersey, and when one of our journals called the poet and his friends "a clique of French ruffians—miscreants and malefactors of the most heinous kind." All the more reason, if you are thus unfair to a really great man, that you should read M. Barbo's "Victor Hugo and his Time" (Sampson Low). It is delightful reading, for the author is such an enthusiast in his subject, and of course it is full of stirring incident. For M. Barbo his hero is always in the right, whether he is challenging a life-guard in a Versailles *café*, or fighting the battles of Romanticism, or getting out of temper with his fellow-prophet Lamartine, or shouting *Vive l'armée* as he re-enters France amidst the disasters of 1870. France is just now giving the octogenarian poet a triumphant prelude to immortality. Every English reader ought to know on what this verdict of a whole nation is founded. It is a thoroughly

French career, and M. Barbo has treated it as a thoroughly French one. Miss Frewer's translation is exceedingly good. Her task was hard, for Hugo-ese cannot readily be done into graceful English. Many of the illustrations are by Victor Hugo himself.

It is significant that "The Educational Year Book" (Cassell) devotes nearly forty pages to female education. As in former years, it gives full information about our universities, grammar and middle class schools, and the local examinations conducted by various learned bodies. Professional and scientific education is also fully dealt with. Such a work cannot aspire to absolute completeness; of Helston Grammar School, for instance, where Charles Kingsley studied under one of the Coleridges, there is no notice whatever. But parents on the lookout for a good school, and able to separate fact from advertisement, will find the book a great help. It is a very cheap six shillings'-worth.

"Our Own Country" (Cassell) continues to deserve the support of all who wish to increase their knowledge of the land of which we boast so much, but about which most of us are content to know so little. As usual, this fourth volume contains a mixture. Besides Nottingham, Wells, with Cheddar and the less-known Ebbw Gorge, Balmoral, Ely, Belfast, &c., it introduces us to the Llanthony of Landor and Father Ignatius, and also to Dorking, and a good deal more of the pleasant and very accessible Surrey county. The woodcuts are good, and the letter-press fulfils its promise; it is descriptive and historical, and in both ways thoroughly well done.

"Through Nubia to Darfoo," the title of Mr. Sidney Ensor's former work, implies the passage from the little known to the less known. How has he found it with "the Queen's Speeches in Parliament" (Allen and Co.)? Has he noted, what readers in general will hardly fail to recognise, the darkening of counsel by words without meaning if not without knowledge, which has been coming on, not steadily, but (as Mr. Gladstone once said of our prosperity) by leaps? The crowning obscurity was reached at the opening of this Session, when large portions of the Speech would have been truer to fact had they been read backwards. In February, 1839, when "that Gallois who made fun of everything," Lord Melbourne, was Premier, Government was not afraid to confess that the state of Lower Canada was very unsatisfactory—a frankness which contrasts sadly with the reticence which suddenly succeeded the confident boasts of February, 1881, about "immediately vindicating our authority in the Transvaal." But, for other reasons besides convicting the present Government of its shortcomings, this collection is valuable. It is a summary of our history, as the Government of the day chose to present it to the public during a very important period.

No one, whatever his politics, can afford to leave unread the volumes issued by the Cobden Club. "Local Government and Taxation in the United Kingdom" (Cassell) is as important as any of the former volumes, and much more interesting than some of them. Several of the essays deal with "burning questions"—Mr. Acland's "County Boards" for instance, and Mr. J. Firth's "London Government, and How to Reform It." The names of the writers are a full guarantee for their competence. Mr. Bunce's remarks on licensing and local option deserve careful thought. He would hand the matter over to Town Councils and County Boards as the case may be. To Town Councils he would give much completer authority, withdrawing from the ratepayers the power of rejecting a measure (say a Free Library) which has passed the Council. He insists on the need of occasional interference by the Central Government (as in the Factory and Union Chargeability Acts), though advocating general local independence. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's paper on Local Government in Ireland points out its main defect. Irishmen have never been accustomed to govern themselves, "the ascendancy" has done it for them, thus "keeping them out of the best school for developing sound political qualities." The book, though, of course, one-sided, is a valuable contribution to the all-important matter of social politics.

That well-established and favourite "Nares's Seamanship" (Portsmouth, Griffin; London, Simpkin, Marshall), has reached a sixth edition. Much enlarged and thoroughly revised, it contains, among other new matter, two plates of fog and night signals, specially planned (we are told) to lessen the chances of collision. Of course such signals are worse than useless unless they get themselves universally adopted. The very useful remarks on the management of boats, how to run ashore in surf, the use of the Norfolk drogue, &c., we should like to see separately printed in a cheap form. The directions for moving the drowning and restoring the apparently dead remind us how many seamen there are who cannot swim a stroke. We are glad that this thoroughly standard work has been brought up to the most modern date.

The second volume of "The Imperial Dictionary" (Blackie, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin), takes us to the end of K; so that, before very long, we may look for its completion. Its peculiar feature is that it combines the newest chemical and other scientific terms with old English words. We suppose the aiming at completeness forbids the omission of any of these latter, else we should say that scores of such words as *dissimulare* (Chaucer) might well have been left out. They fill up, and that is all. The derivations seem usually correct, though we think *gossion* is hardly a mere corruption of *garçon*, and would recommend Dr. Ogilvie to look at the Icelandic word *gorse* in Jamieson's Dictionary. This book belies the proverb that dictionaries are dull reading. Every page is full of new facts; how few Oxford men, for instance, know that the dome surmounting "Tom Tower" is an *imperial* dome?

PAST AND PRESENT

I.

'Tis little more than a year ago
Since we wandered together in Venice, Sweet,
Floating along through the bridges low,
By ruined palace, and silent street.

II.

If, watching the light in your tender eyes
I grew to love you—it was not strange;
How can a mortal be always wise,
When skies are golden, and waters change?

III.

The days passed over—you went your way,
And I went mine—they were not the same:
You are a "Beauty" in Town to-day,
And I, an author unknown to fame.

IV.

Your look is cold when I pass you by;
Your eyes meet mine with a languid grace;
You are scornful, and careless, and cold, men cry,—
A frozen heart and a perfect face!

V.

Yet two things never the world will know:
Your passing fancy, and my mad dream;
Or all that I asked you, a year ago,
In that ancient palace beside the stream.

HARRY QUILTER



SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 6, 1858

RETURNING HOME UNDER DIFFICULTIES
A SKETCH OFF PORTLAND IN HEAVY WEATHER



"PAST AND PRESENT"
FROM A DRAWING BY HARRY QUILTER

THE LATE H. W. LONGFELLOW

THOUGH not standing in the first rank of poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is certainly one of the most popular of the present century on both sides of the Atlantic—our own Poet Laureate not excepted. And we may claim him as of pure English lineage. He was descended from William Longfellow, a native of Hampshire, who emigrated to America in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The subject of this memoir was the son of the late Hon. Stephen Longfellow, and was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. Originally intended for the law, he graduated at Bowdoin College, where, at the early age of eighteen, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. In 1826 he proceeded to Europe, and spent three years and a half in England and on the Continent. In 1829 he returned home, and two years afterwards married. In 1835 he succeeded Mr. George Ticknor as Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College, and the same year paid a second visit to Europe. During this stay he had the misfortune to lose his wife. Some years later he visited Europe for a third time, and in 1843 he again married. In 1854 he retired from his professorship in Harvard College—which he had held for twenty years—in order to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. For upwards of forty years he occupied the Craigie House, Cambridge, the headquarters of General Washington after the battle of Bunker's Hill. In 1869 Mr. Longfellow once more visited England, when the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. In 1874 he was nominated to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh, and, although he was defeated by Mr. Disraeli, the large number of votes which he received attested his popularity in the Modern Athens.

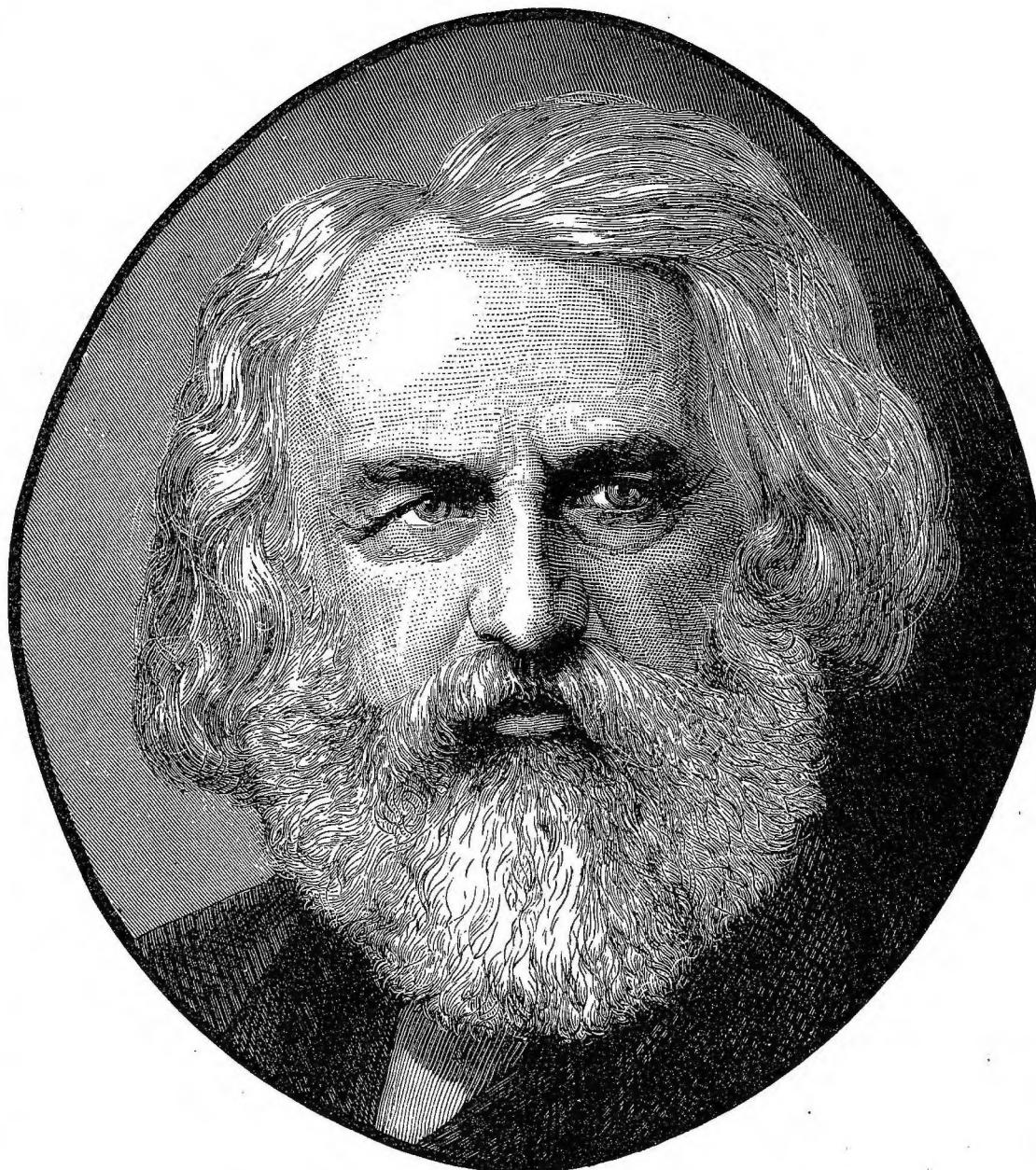
In his personal appearance, frank, graceful manners, fortune, and

mode of life, Mr. Longfellow reflected or anticipated the elegance of his writings. In a home surrounded by every refinement of art and cultivated intercourse, in the midst of his family and friends, he enjoyed a retired leisure. He was always most accessible to visitors, and numerous anecdotes are recorded of his kindness and hospitality. In religion he was a Unitarian, but he delighted in a high liturgical form of worship. As may be gathered from his writings, he was a passionate admirer of art, and of the beautiful in every shape.

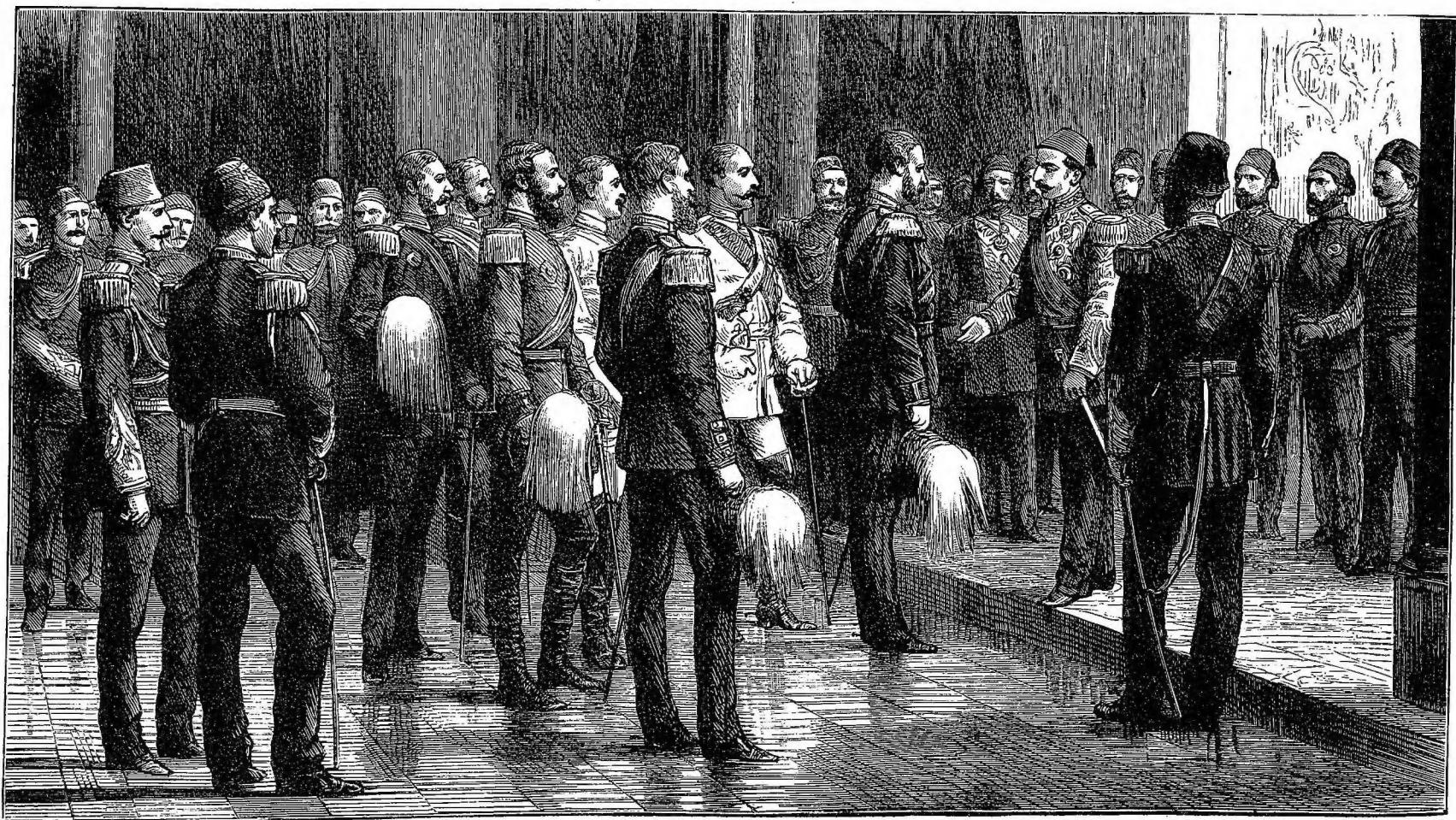
During the last two years, the poet's health had been gradually failing. The immediate cause of his death, which occurred on the 24th ult., was peritonitis. He had been unconscious for many hours previously.

The mere mention of his works would occupy a considerable space. A brief and imperfect summary must here suffice. At a very early age he was a prose contributor to the *North American Review*, and before he was eighteen he had written "Woods in Winter," "An April Day," and other popular short pieces. "Outre Mer," the first of his prose works, appeared in 1835, and was followed two years later by "Hyperion." "The Voices of the Night" were published in a collected form in 1839. In 1841, his "Ballads and Other Poems" appeared; in 1846, "The Belfry of Bruges," and in 1847, "Evangeline." In 1855, after an interval, during which he published a story of New England life called "Kavanaugh," and compiled his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," he published "The Song of Hiawatha." Then successively followed "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" (two series), "New England Tragedies," "The Hanging of the Crane," a volume of miscellaneous poems entitled "Aftermath," and "Ultima Thule," published in 1880.

Posterity will decide better than the living generation Mr. Longfellow's claims to lasting fame as a poet. Meanwhile his popularity is



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
BORN FEB. 27, 1807; DIED MARCH 24, 1882



CONSTANTINOPEL—PRESENTATION OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE TO THE SULTAN BY THE SPECIAL GERMAN MISSION

unprecedented. Fully a million copies of his writings are in circulation. No modern writer, Charles Dickens excepted, has so completely gained the ear of the English-speaking world, which now extends over a large portion of the globe.

We have extracted the foregoing details from an excellent article appearing in the "International Portrait Gallery," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Our portrait is reproduced from an engraving which appeared in the fourth number of this journal, December 25th, 1869.



"FAUCIT OF BALLIOL," by Herman Charles Merivale (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a courageous attempt to adapt Goethe's "Faust" to common and contemporary conditions: to represent Faust by a brilliant Oxford Fellow, Mephistopheles by a mysterious fashionable villain, and so on throughout all the principal and most of the subordinate characters of the tragedy. It is, of course, the novel dramatised in *The Cynic*, and it need not be said that the idea will be found more completely and closely worked out in the novel than in the play. So far as the novel is concerned, the superlative grandeur of the scheme—among the very finest of our time—is only to be measured by the thoroughness of its failure in the hands of Mr. Merivale. He has worked out all the formal details of his original with puerile ingenuity, but his very conception of the leading idea is not only incomplete but radically wrong. The result is so absolutely not "Faust" that, happily, he cannot be said to have preoccupied the ground to the exclusion of some future and more adequate pen. But, considered as an independent work of fiction, and without any regard to the author's own motive, "Faucit of Balliol" is a delightful novel—full of dramatic interest, running over with wit and with a curiously original vein of satire, often pathetic, and always true to nature except when Mr. Merivale has to remind himself that he has sentenced himself to write in chains. Whenever he forgets this, he is able to indulge in a freedom and raciness of manner which recall the characteristic method of Mr. Charles Reade, and yet have a flavour distinctly their own. In short, "Faucit of Balliol" is a piece of exceptionally admirable work which is too completely unlike what it tries to be to deserve serious censure on that score. In order to hit the North, Mr. Merivale has fired at the South—that is all. If he had only held his tongue about what he was going to do, he would have obtained credit for excellence of aim as well as for length of range.

"Jane Caldecott; A Story of Cross Purposes," by J. E. Panton (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), is a well-written, and, on the whole, interesting domestic story. It would be a great deal more interesting if the author's ideas of an attractive heroine were not so completely opposed to almost universal taste in that important matter: or indeed if there were one character in the book whose acquaintance might be either pleasant or instructive. As to Jane herself, we are asked in vain to sympathise with a girl of vulgar manners, rude speech, and revengeful temper apparently on the singular ground of her being distinguished by these qualities. Perfect heroines are no doubt tiresome; but their imperfections should not be of the sort that repel—at any rate these should be so treated as to compel sympathy in spite of them, not to ask it because of them. Her sister Clarice, who is frankly the most heartless and unscrupulous of coquettish, who knows how to jilt in such a way as to make her victims believe in her more than ever, is the most striking figure in the novel. Some of the subordinate characters are amusing, and their oddities are sustained with a continuous freshness which is unusual. The most pronounced defect of "Jane Caldecott" is the uncertain touch with which the leading persons of the story are drawn, as though they had never clearly shaped themselves in the author's own mind.

Downright idiocy is so common a leading motive in modern fiction that it must be assumed to be inherently interesting. The prize for idiocy must be yielded to one Mr. Fielding, a principal character in "Thistledown Lodge," by M. A. Paull (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). This mature man of business and the world, threatened by an adventurer with exposure to his wife of a very ordinary piece of youthful folly, long forgotten and not worth a sensible wife's serious concern, is so desperately frightened that, without a word to anybody, he runs away from his business and his home, leads a selfish and cowardly life of exile, and twice attempts suicide. Sheer idiocy is the only possible way of accounting for his history, and Mrs. Paull may be congratulated on having portrayed a finished idiot so completely. For the rest, "Thistledown Lodge" appears to be a scrap-book of random recollections of places more or less known to the author, and the dislocated incidents are so contrived as to bring in by neck and heels Cornwall, Stirling Castle, Oberammergau and its Play, and anything else that may offer. The characters—with the exception of Mr. Fielding—have little to do with one another: but they are all happily married in large batches, with the exception of two, who are let off respectively with twelve months' imprisonment and fourteen years' penal servitude.

"Mericas," and Other Stories, by Clementina Black (1 vol.: W. Satchell and Co.), are really clever, and well worth the very short hour which their reading requires. The principal, "Mericas," is a tale of the first half of the last century, written with a view to the social colour of the period, which is skilfully reproduced without any affected imitation. "The Troubles of an Automaton" turns upon a capital and probably quite original idea which combines the elements of farce and tragedy. Short stories of equal merit with these are very far from common.



THE TURF.—We must persevere hark back a little to make a note or two on the Grand National Steeplechase, run at Liverpool on the Friday of last week. It is an anniversary of the race which will be long remembered for many reasons. In the first place it furnishes a fresh proof of the decadence of steeplechasing in the country. Only once since the race was established in 1839 have fewer animals come to the post than on the recent occasion, and that was in 1841, when Charity won in a field of ten. A round dozen was the poor complement on Friday, the 24th, exactly the same number as when Shifnal won in 1878, and one under that of last year's field. And of these twelve only four "got the course," though for some of the eight which did not pass the winning post reasonable excuses may be made. However, it was altogether but a sorry sight for a Grand National, though the finish between Cyrus and Seaman was most exciting, the latter winning in the last two strides by only a head. The race will be remembered too because it was the second occasion on which a gentleman jockey rode his own horse to victory, the last being in 1877, when Mr. F. Hobson was on Austerlitz. Lord Manners, who rode Seaman, has not had much active experience in steeplechasing, but it must not be forgotten

that only a few weeks ago he won the big race on his own horse, Lord Chancellor, at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown. It is often said that amateurs are inferior to professionals across country, but, as a matter of fact, since (and including) the year 1855, when Captain Coventry won on Alcibiade, the gentlemen jockeys have won the Grand National twelve times, as against the seven times of the professionals. It may be noted, too, as a curious coincidence that our crack (or, rather, ex-crack) professional steeple-chase rider, R. I. Anson, has never once out of his many mounts got over the Liverpool country without a fall. Seaman is an Irish-bred horse, and was sold for a large sum out of the same stable from which Cyrus and Mohican hailed, and which supplied the winner of the two previous years. If the Duke of Hamilton's Eau de Vie had not run out of the course when going well and fencing superbly, she would very likely have credited that plucky sportsman with his second Grand National, her ridiculously easy victory in the Sefton Steeplechase on the following day doing much to substantiate this view. It is early times to talk of next year's race, but in Zitella, who won the Second Champion Steeplechase on the Saturday, many think they saw the winner of it.—There has been lots of flat-racing this week, but the meeting at Northampton has been the chief one. Here, as usual, the Earl Spencer's Plate, the first big scurry of the year, was provocative of much speculation, and, as is often the case in such spins, the winner, Althotas, was well backed. It was thought that Exile II. would have represented Sir G. Chetwynd's interests, but when it was seen that Althotas was the chosen one, he was made first favourite with the Duke of Hamilton's Agneta. Discount and Maid of Orleans, who ran second and third, were the greatest outsiders of the party of twelve. For the Althorp Park Stakes—once a famous two-year-old contest—both The Duke and Ziska, on the strength of private trials, were more fancied than the Duke of Portland's Alfonso, who ran second in the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. But he won the Althorp easily enough; and his rider, Archer, won altogether four races on the same day. For the Northamptonshire Stakes, a long-distance handicap, there were eight runners, and of them one of the least fancied, Sun of York, won. Few horses have more sadly disappointed his stable and backers, from time to time, than this erratic animal. On this occasion he started at 8 to 1, and on the previous day he had won the Northamptonshire Cup, though he started at 7 to 1 in a field of four.

FOOTBALL.—The great football match of last week was that at the Oval, on Saturday last, between the Old Etonians and the Blackburn Rovers, the latter, who have not experienced a single defeat this season, being decided favourites. The event was contrary to anticipations, as the Etonians got a goal early in the game, and neither side made a score afterwards. It would be difficult to say which Eleven played the best, so excellent were the performances of both, but certainly for the second half of the game the Rovers kept their opponents mainly on the defensive, and had it not been for the excellent goal keeping of Rawlinson for the Light Blues, the ball many times would have gone between the sticks.

AQUATICS.—It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is rowed this day (Saturday), about 1 o'clock P.M. During the few days before going to press with our columns Oxford has become a very strong favourite, 3 and 4 to 1 being laid on them. They have certainly shown much better form than the Cantabs on the London waters, and done the course in appreciably less time; and, as we have often remarked, it is very seldom indeed that long odds on a boat race fail to be pulled off in a fairly rowed contest.—The reports from the Tyne as to Hanlan and Boyd continue to be monotonously satisfactory. Both are as well as their best friends could wish. Boyd seems to improve in his work every day, but Hanlan's supporters seem to have no doubt about the success of their man.—Trickett is working hard for his match with Hanlan, but waterside critics generally do not see any improvement in his style since he was with us last year.

CRICKET.—This is an age of "record beaten" in all departments of sports and pastimes. And now we have the largest cricket score on record. It comes from the Antipodes, where in a recent match between New South Wales and Victoria, 1,412 runs were scored for the loss of 30 wickets, an average of over 47 runs per wicket. Of the 1,286 runs scored from the bat, 882 were made by six members of the Australian team now on its road to this country, W. L. Murdoch making 321 in one innings.

ATHLETICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge Sports were held at Lillie Bridge the day before the boat race.



THE SEASON.—The last ten days of March formed a rather cutting commentary to the first three weeks of the same "mad" month, and the following lines from a correspondent were read by us sitting indoors in the needed warmth of a big fire, with a brisk fall of sleet and snow outside:—"The dells of Ivybridge are a field of the cloth of gold. There are thousands of daffodils; butterflies—the Peacock, Brimstone, and small Tortoiseshell—are flitting about in the sunshine; and the thrush, blackbird, chaffinch, robin, and yellow bunting are in full song. Of wild flowers I have noticed *Oxalis acetosella*, the *Adoxa*, *Daucus*, *Chrysoplumbium*, *Cardamine*, *Hirsuta*, *Veronica arvensis*, *Bartsia umbellata*, and *Chamedrys*. The hawthorn is in bud, and the sloe or blackthorn in leaf. Our laburnums are rapidly bursting into leaf, and there is a purple flush on the beeches. The rapid Avon is in prime order for the fly, and we are looking up our lines. Stern Winter's clarion notes have long since died away over the blue hills." Despite the cold wind we noticed in the Park on Lady Day several hawthorns in all but fully developed leaf. The delicate pink blossoms of the almond tree have been quite scattered before the winds of the Equinox. The snow that fell in London on the 21st and 22nd March was slight, but at Warminster and some other places the storm was severe. Mr. B. D. Gall, of Woodbridge, says it has snowed at that town on the 22nd March in 1876, 1877, 1881, and 1882. Before the recent frosts a rhododendron at Kelvington Rectory showed 130 blooms, most of them over a foot in circumference.

TAUNTON.—There are two contending interests among the agriculturists and landowners round about Taunton. Party Number One insist on holding a Horse Show in May, while Party Number Two will only hear of July. Negotiations have been prolonged, but have finally failed, and now two Shows will be held.

CANON BAGOT ON MILK.—"All milk," says the Canon, "coming into the dairy should be strained through a fine wire strainer. The object of setting milk is to get all the cream from it. There is a system whereby all the cream may be obtained in twelve hours, leaving the milk perfectly sweet. The 'separator' is fast coming to the front. The principle of all separators is that milk revolving at a high speed throws up the cream to the top. Already great improvements have been made, and it has been proved that the whole of the cream has been separated, leaving none in the milk."

RAILWAYS AND AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—The railway managers have replied to the deputation of Agricultural Societies

which recently waited on them with respect to railway charges for cattle carriage to Shows. The Companies have decided to charge full fares for stock to the Shows, but if the animals are unsold they will be brought back at half-price. Men *bond* *for* in charge of stock will be conveyed both ways free of charge. The conditions will apply to animals conveyed in horse-boxes by passenger or special trains, and in cattle-trucks by luggage trains. These are material concessions, and members of the deputation prefer themselves fairly satisfied therewith.

DISTRESS FOR RENT was ably discussed at a recent meeting of Surveyors. Mr. Edward Ryde said the law of distress was one thing, the actual practice of it another. The law was a sufficient protection to both landlord and tenant. Distress certainly entailed heavy costs, but then the man who carried out the distress did it at considerable peril, the least illegality rendering him liable to severe consequences. Mr. Smith-Woolley said, that a careful review of the question had led him to believe that the law of distress had acted very decidedly as a boon to the tenant-farmer.

THE FLOWERING CURRANT is a plant at once highly ornamental, and generally neglected. Well placed and well grown, there is no bush that looks more cheery on a spring day. We saw in a Kentish cottage garden the other day a flowering currant tree twelve feet high. The top of the bush rose well above the tiles of the one-storey cottage.

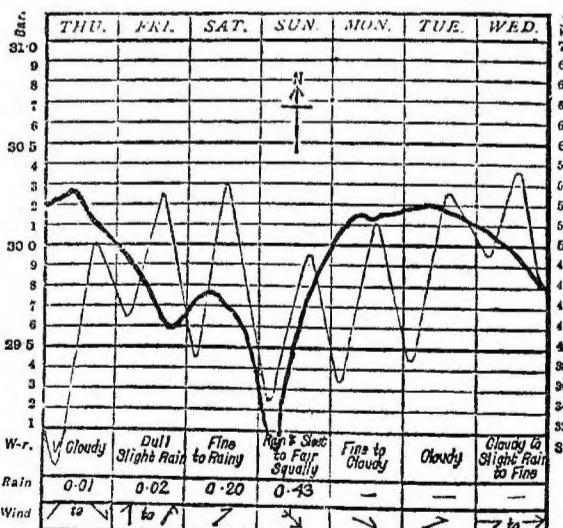
BACON CHANTRY CHAPEL, SUFFOLK.—A staircase leading to the Wood-loft, and previously unknown (the doorway being covered up with whitewash), has just been discovered, together with some interesting woodwork and mouldings of the fourteenth century.

AMERICA is now forwarding wheat per steamers from New York to Liverpool at 8d. to 1s. 2d. per qr.—as make-up freights. Thus it is less costly in carriage to forward wheat across the Atlantic than for English farmers to send their produce one hundred miles to market.

THE ABUSE OF SHOW SUNDAY.—There are few things more significant of the high-pressure artificiality of modern life than the change which has gradually taken place in the character of this custom. At first "Show Sunday," as it is called, was a pleasant social institution. Artists invited only their personal friends to see their pictures, about whose faults and beauties the outer world was kept in ignorance until the Academy opened its doors. This was perfectly legitimate and proper. But now this is all changed. The institution is no longer social; it has become fashionable. Instead of a quiet gathering of personal friends, all the world now trots in crowds "round the studios," and newspapers rush desperately into print with notices—they cannot be called criticisms—of the pictures. In fact, the whole thing has become a hollow ceremony of the gigantic order, and people feel bound to "do" the studios whether they like it or not. And the effects all round are not gratifying. The artists, as artists, suffer more or less, for there is a natural tendency induced in them to become as fashionable as possible, and fashion as a rule means very indifferent art. Society suffers, too—is, if the truth were known, terribly bored by the whole business; and the public suffers to an extent which it possibly does not appreciate, from the strong competition of enterprising journals to supply them with "critical" articles on the Monday and Tuesday following. There is a story of a gentleman of the Press who was engaged to "do" the studios for a certain journal of enormous circulation. He spent ten mortal hours in a Hansom cab, saw 520 pictures, drank countless glasses of various bad kinds of sherry, and then went home to write his article. What it was like history saith not; but the adverse conditions of his labours are scarcely exaggerated. In such a state of things, of course, fairness is almost impossible: the most fashionable painters get the longest notices; whilst those who are not fashionable, but perhaps really far better artists than those who are, are ignored altogether. But the chief evil of the abuse lies, we think, in that it discounts the Academy itself, which it robs of much of its interest and freshness; and in the production of so-called criticisms which properly should not appear until the 1st of May at the earliest, and which are in the very nature of things superficial if not altogether untrustworthy.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MARCH 23 TO MARCH 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been upon the whole cloudy and damp, while the changes in temperature have been somewhat irregular. At the commencement of the period depressions of considerable intensity were arriving on our shores from the Atlantic, but inasmuch as their centres appeared as far away as the north of Scotland, their effects upon the weather of the southern districts was not very marked, although it was sufficient to give us much cloud and occasional slight rain. On Saturday (25th ult.), in the rear of one of these depressions, the weather improved decidedly, but on the evening of that day a small disturbance was seen to be advancing towards the south of Ireland, and the weather quickly became cloudy and unsettled. In the course of Saturday night (25th ult.) and Sunday morning (26th ult.) the depression, which proved to be of great depth, passed rapidly across the south of England, occasioning heavy rain and a strong south-westerly wind as it passed away. During Sunday (26th ult.) the weather cleared up, but the north-westerly wind kept temperature rather low, the maximum on that day being only 49°, as against 56° on Saturday (25th ult.). On Monday (27th ult.) fresh depressions began to appear in the far north, and south-westerly winds and cloudy weather again set in, while temperature rose gradually, reaching a maximum of 55° on Tuesday (28th ult.) and 57° on Wednesday (29th ult.). At the close of the period conditions appeared very unsettled, and there were no signs of any decided change. The barometer was highest (30.28 inches) on Thursday (23rd ult.); lowest (29.02 inches) on Sunday (26th ult.); range, 1.26 inches. Temperature was highest (57°) on Wednesday (29th ult.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (23rd ult.); range, 29°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.66 inches. Greatest fall on any day, 0.43 inches, on Sunday (26th ult.).

APRIL 1, 1882

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THE COSTUME (Illustration G) and HAT (or Cap) as above, but with Knickerbockers instead of Long Trousers. The Costume, 17s. 6d. Hat or Cap, 3s. 6d.

THE COSTUME in White Washing Drill (Illustration D) is, with Long Trousers, 19s. 6d., Straw Hat, 3s. 6d., or with Knickerbockers (Illustration A), 17s. 6d., Hat, 3s. 6d. This costume is also made with the trousers of white drill at same price.

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